Malcolm Cowley on the Letters of Edmund Wilson

Saturday Review

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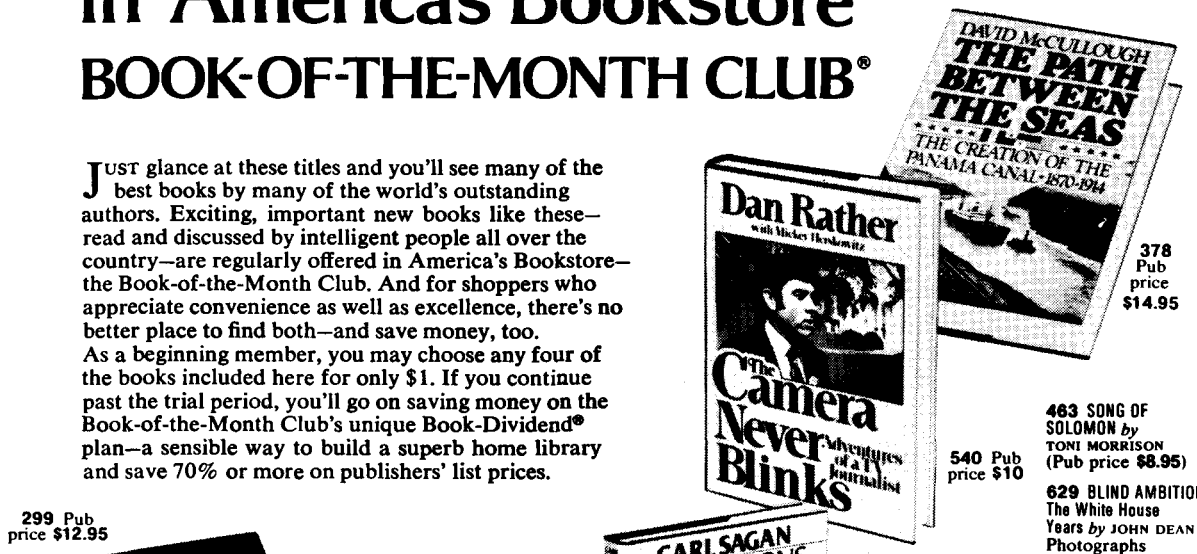
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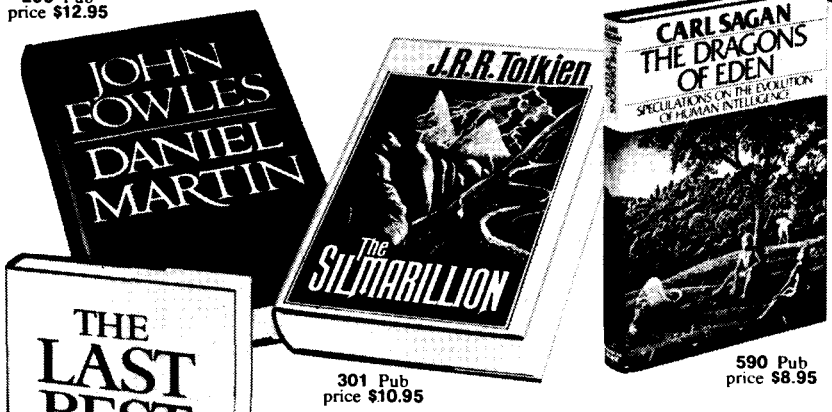

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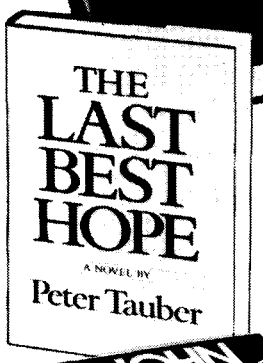

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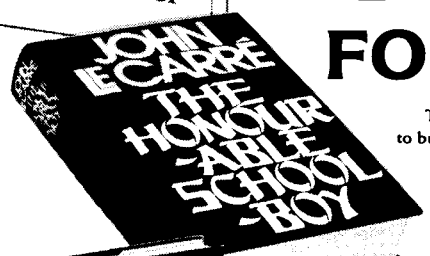

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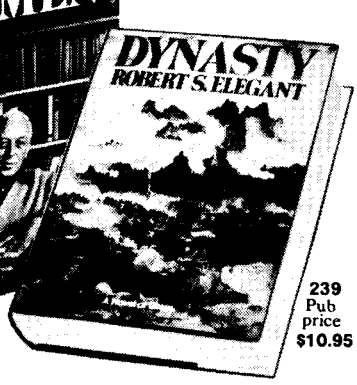

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Editor's Page

Report to the Readers

Some readers have written to ask whether we have given up the custom of reporting from time to time on the internal affairs of the magazine. In general, the letter writers want to know how *SR* is faring under Carll Tucker's new ownership. They also ask about my own relationship with Mr. Tucker.

The reason for the absence of a report to the readers in recent months is that we feared we might have been overdoing it. We didn't want to make the mistake of assuming too much interest in the inner life of the magazine. Our mail, however, encourages us to believe that an updated report may be in order.

It is now eight months since the magazine came under the ownership and management of Carll Tucker. The transaction was less a "sale" than a transfer. The main purpose was to assure the long-term welfare of the magazine and the continuity of its traditions. Related to this purpose were certain personal chronological realities. With the exception of an 18-month interval, virtually the whole of my professional career for 37 years has been spent at *SR*. I can't imagine a more rewarding life, but there is nothing like a man's sixtieth birthday to awaken a respect for future planning.

It was just the sheerest luck that I should have been looking for someone to carry on the *Saturday Review* at the same time that Carll Tucker, twenty-five years old, was looking for a magazine job. Carll was introduced to me by his father-in-law, R. Peter Straus, an old friend and one of the leaders in the communications industry. (Peter Straus has since been appointed director of the Voice of America.) Carll's own family has been in publishing. I learned that he has a strong personal interest in literary and dramatic criticism. Our meeting convinced me that the Tucker-Straus combination could be ideal for *Saturday Review*. There was no question about their integrity or their ability to see *SR* through any difficulties. We had no more than three or four meetings before the transaction was consummated.

Enough time has passed to make an assessment. Carll is decisive and self-confident and does not hesitate to wade into the tough problems. He has reconstructed the business staff and has brought in a group of energetic young people to represent the magazine in our dealings with the advertising profession. He has effected economies that, frankly, I confess I may have been too sentimental to have done myself.

On the editorial side, Carll has strong ideas about where he wants *SR* to go. This is the only way to edit a magazine. Magazines make a serious mistake, it has always seemed to me, when they try to conform to a profile of reader interests charted by the market-research people. If an editor is any good, he ought to be far out in front, dealing with subjects and ideas that have not yet registered with enough people to turn up on the market-research surveys. Carll readily qualifies on this score.

Our tastes are compatible, but they are not always the same. In articles, Carll tends to favor the sociological and topical; I lean to the long view, the philosophical and the reflective. His emphasis is on events, mine on ideas. A beautifully chiseled essay, I have always felt, is one of the highest art forms. Carll looks for pieces that are explicit, fast-moving, hard-hitting.

Where we differ most sharply is on the appearance of the magazine. I know it sounds stuffy to use the word "dignity," but its absence at times is the closest I can come to defining my problems with the new layout. The big block type for the article headings seems to me to be more clamorous than striking. I find it difficult to get used to snappy covers that claim the attention but that are indistinguishable from so many of the trendy new magazines. I confess I winced when I saw the cover design to go with the article on placebos in the issue of October 1. Carll thought it was strong and up-to-the-minute, and he made a good case for that viewpoint. Another instance: I was desolate when I returned from an extended trip abroad and saw the proofs of the August issue. The cover in particular seemed to me to be a sheer case of over-design and over-sell. Carll's position was both precise and detailed. His generation, he explained, has come of age against a background of rampaging decibels. The signal characteristic of rock music, for example, is not just its mood but its pounding rhythms. Young people are accustomed to reading things that are explicit and bold, both in substance and design. It was an interesting argument, and it took on additional force some days later when my own daughters and their friends exclaimed with pleasure over the new appearance of the magazine. For his part, Carll now feels the August cover might have been too severe a departure from *SR*'s tradition, with an unnecessary polarizing effect on our readership. A substantial number of readers protested the cover and the new design in general. In my replies to those readers, I expressed the hope that they would reserve final judgment. I said I have no doubt that the magazine is evolving and that, in interaction with its readers, it will emerge as an effective blend of tradition and essential innovation.

One of my hopes at the time Carll Tucker acquired the magazine was that I might be freed from management duties, for which I have little aptitude, and be able to spend more time gathering material and writing for the magazine. In this respect, I have found my new life at *SR* highly gratifying. One thing is certain: I can't have it both ways. I can't expect to be away from the office, writing and traveling, as I have done in recent months, and then come charging back full of criticism for all the decisions that had to be made in my absence.

In fairness to Carll, too, I have to remember that when I took over the direction of *SR* at the age of twenty-five, many of the things I did must have been just as vexing to Henry Seidel Canby and Amy Loveman as some of Carll's innovations are to me. I am sure it must have pained the founders of the *Saturday Review of Literature* to see their magazine develop from a book-review journal into a magazine of ideas and the arts. Far from deterring or deflecting me, they did everything they could to smooth the way and to be supportive of the changes in their dealings with the outside world. Scarcely a week went by when I didn't make a mistake, but they didn't climb all over me when I did. They made it clear to me, and to all concerned, that they trusted me with something that was infinitely precious to them. I will never forget how much it meant to have that kind of support. Carll Tucker deserves no less. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Wherefore Art?

I hope this note makes at least a splash in the sea of letters *SR* will receive on Roger M. Williams's piece ["Why Children Should Draw," September 3]. But as one of the not so "average arts educators," I'm afraid I can predict that the logic of Williams's case will be lost in the bureaucratic entanglements of one of our country's largest industries. Technology and specialization have created competing educational communities. The concept of a child as a human being has been lost, with standardized tests measuring isolated competencies that together, we are told, are supposed to add up to a whole person.

I hope there are others who have the vision and strength to encourage youngsters to discover the routes to learning. And I hope your lead article will provide the platform from which to launch such an effort.

Dr. Kenneth Marantz
Chairman, Art Education
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Last year I was fortunate to receive funding to provide classes in art, theater, dance, and music for the developmentally disabled. Our experience certainly reinforced the findings reported in Roger Williams's article.

One striking example came in the form of a note brought to me by the mother of one of the participants, after three months of theater and dance classes. Her son is severely affected by Down's syndrome and before the class had had few interests other than TV. The note said, "You would have been proud of John. This year he willingly participated in Field Day and won a ribbon!"

When we started the drawing class, the same young man did a very handsome charcoal drawing. When I asked if he would share it with us, he said, "It's rain." He had not participated verbally before. Since the project concluded, his mother has told me, he has spent part of every day drawing.

Diane Dollar
Kansas State University
Manhattan, Kans.

We in Northfield, Minnesota, have also been trying to reverse the trend Roger Williams describes. Last spring, our elementary art consultant—responsible for teaching more than 1,200 children in four elementary schools—retired, and school officials considered dropping the job altogether in order to balance the budget. I tried to sway the administration and the school board by presenting excerpts from works by authorities, particularly those concerned by a subject of strong local interest: disaffected youth. A number of local organizations rallied round the cause, and the newspaper supported us. The upshot: we won.

One person, however, can hardly handle so many children—and if our arts education seems insufficient, drama and dance are altogether unheard of. So I plan to give a copy of Williams's article to each member of the school board, the superintendent, the assistant superintendent, and various principals in hopes that the reinforcement will help the cause.

An anecdote one of our teachers tells illustrates why art is such an integral part of education. One of the youngsters in an art class was rummaging around in a crayon box, unable to find what he wanted. His teacher asked him what color he was looking for. The child, son of a local farmer, replied, "John Deere green."

Beth Kendall
Northfield, Minn.

While I do not object to the actual words of mine that were quoted in Roger Williams's article, I do take considerable exception to the inference that I and my colleagues belong to that inflexible group that would only teach art for art's sake. I was one of the originators of the IMPACT project on which his piece draws so heavily. Other quotes he used were made at the Tanglewood Symposium, which was structured and largely funded by the Music Educators' National Conference.

The point I meant to make in those quoted comments is that children *need* time for art experiences and must not be denied it because of fatuous arguments that they can't afford the time away from math and other "basics"(?). Many of us have known all along that nothing is more basic than the arts.

Charles Gary
Former director,
Music Educators' National Conference
McLean, Va.

Roger M. Williams replies: I took Mr. Gary at his own words: "We're willing to believe that arts are the handmaiden of other learning, but we don't think that's their real function." In any case, that doesn't sound "inflexible," simply less venturesome than the arts-centered curriculum championed by the Mead School and Dr. Jean Houston.

With this issue, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., begins regular film coverage for *SR*.

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Front Runners

Steven Guarnaccia

Jonathan Livingston Capitalist

Is *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* subversive? When *Jonathan* was soaring high on best seller lists several years ago, the book caught the fancy of a mainland China magazine editor. Since China doesn't observe international copyright law, the editor was free to translate *Seagull* and print the text (sans pictures) in the Shanghai magazine *Study and Criticism*. It looked as if the amiable seagull was on his way to winning a whole new following.

But then he came under the censor's fishy eye. Exactly what was Jonathan's political allegiance? To which class in the social order did he belong? These questions provoked animated exchanges. It was pointed out, darkly, that Jonathan loved to soar across the sky not in search of food, but just for the sake of flying. This carefree outlook was considered much too close to the "revisionist" Western doctrine of art for art's sake.

What tore it, however, was the passage in which Jonathan lures other young gulls into embracing the freedom that comes with flying for the sheer joy of it. On reading this, the ideologues concluded that Jonathan was a "poisonous weed" renegade trying to corrupt others—a "capitalist bird" with monopolistic tendencies. And so ended, abruptly, Jonathan Livingston Seagull's brief vogue in the People's Republic.

Home Away from Home

The inhuman, impersonal childbirth procedures in many American hospitals are leading many couples to have their babies at home, in the loving company of family and friends. But this trend worries doctors, most of whom maintain that delivering a baby is more than a matter of doing what comes naturally and should be left to the pros. "We are concerned that home deliveries may not be in the best interest of good patient care," says Reginald Ballantyne III, president of Memorial Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona.

Memorial's innovative response has been to provide as an alternative what it calls the "birthing room." Actually a two-room suite, the new facility offers the mother-to-be a homey bedroom furnished in Mexican modern, complete with a comfortable beanbag chair to take the place of the stirruped operating table found in the standard hospital delivery room.

The adjoining room is furnished like a living room, with a sofa and easy chairs, even a television set. A curtained window between the two rooms allows nonparticipants to observe the entire birth process without getting in the way. At the invitation of both the doctor and the mother, however, visitors are allowed in the bedroom during all or part of the delivery.

Buoyed by the supportive presence of family and friends, most new mothers are ready to return to their homes within 24 hours after giving birth. The birthing room, barely a year old, is so popular that Memorial Hospital reports it is building another one to keep up with the demand for reservations.

How's That Again?

If you put your arm around a girl in a British discotheque and find there's a small, ominous box taped to her back, not to worry—it's all in aid of a good cause. A Dundee University noise abatement specialist named William Taylor has lately been investigating the damaging effects of disco noise on the human ear. The "box of tricks" affixed to the girls at discos records, under actual dance floor conditions, the din that envelops night spot regulars.

Not that Professor Taylor and his colleagues have a grudge against discotheques, particularly. Harmful noise in all its forms is their quarry —especially the noise pollution given off by power saws, racing cars, the Concorde, and hunting guns. "You can detect hearing losses even after one winter's shooting with a twelve-bore shotgun," says Professor Taylor.

Scare Tactics

What with the Fonz, *Grease*, and renewed enthusiasm for all things Fifties, that old political tune "Nuclear Attack!" is beginning to enjoy a revival. Recently the usually softer spoken *U.S. News and World Report* bellowed, SURPRISE ATTACK BY RUSSIA: STILL "UNTHINKABLE"? in red banner cover lines. A subhead asked ominously, "Is it possible that Russia is contemplating a nuclear attack against the U.S.?"

For the reader lured by this chilling question, the facts proved something of a letdown. Yes, nuclear attack is possible—*anything* is possible—but the articles in the issue concede that an attack is neither likely nor, given superior American defense capability, a cause for immediate concern.

The motive for such headlines is, of course, to sell magazines. We hope that the current nostalgia for the days of Ike and Elvis does not extend to bomb shelters and that these scare tactics "bomb" with a reasonable reading public.

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The Rhodesian Project

When Rhodesia comes under majority rule, will its new leaders tilt toward Russia, China, or the United States?

If Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon University has any say about it, the tilt will be strongly pro-United States: the university is now training 25 Rhodesians—19 "Africans," 3 "Europeans," 2 "Asians," and 1 "colored"—to hold down top posts in the government expected to replace Ian Smith's white-supremacist regime.

Officially, the Carnegie-Mellon project is aimed simply at preparing Rhodesia for "orderly transition" to majority rule. University dean Toby Davis says, "We're all aware of what has happened in other African countries when the majority took over without the qualified, educated people needed to run a government. We want to help Rhodesia avoid that kind of situation, for the sake of our country and our world."

What is the Smith regime's attitude toward what some might consider an outside effort to hasten its demise? "Most favorable," replies Dean Davis. "I haven't talked to Premier Ian Smith himself, but several Cabinet officers and civil service commissioners expressed enthusiasm. Eight of our twenty-five students already work for the commission and were nominated by it for the program." The dean adds that the racial mixture of the student group, while not deliberately created, "comes close to the population mix as a whole."

The Rhodesian project was suggested and is partially funded by Allegheny Ludlum, a steel company that once did business in Rhodesia but ran afoul of the U.S. government's Rhodesian sanctions. Further help is expected from various American corporations and foundations.

The dean declines to speculate on Allegheny Ludlum's motives, but he admits to being a bit nervous about raising the necessary $500,000.

Is there any CIA money in the picture? "I guarantee not," says Dean Davis. "I wish some *were* available."

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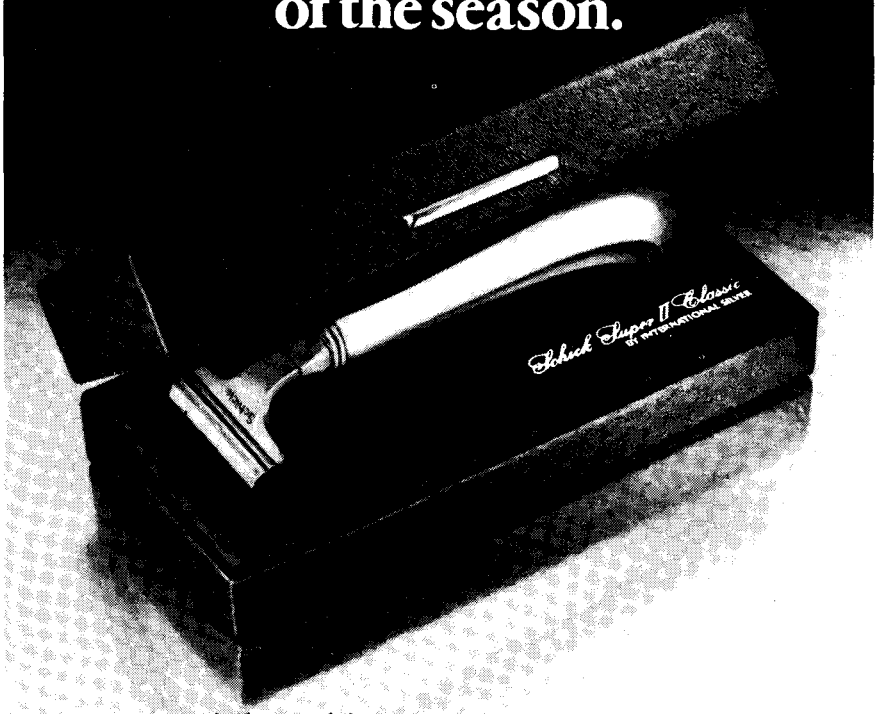

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Front Runners

Turnabout

Lester Maddox, famous as an ax-handle segregationist, recently jolted his public by turning up in a nightclub act with a black ex-con as his partner. Now Senator Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, who not so long ago was outdoing even Maddox in segregationist zeal, has entered his six-year-old daughter in a Columbia, South Carolina, public school whose student body is 50 percent black and whose faculty is 44 percent black. The youngster's teacher, Eunice McKelvey, is also black.

Why did Thurmond, the onetime Dixiecrat, make such a startling move? Cynics answer that the senator is facing a tough battle for reelection and that he has an eye on the crucial black and pro-public school vote. But the Thurmonds strongly deny having ulterior motives. "We really didn't think about that," Mrs. Thurmond protests. "It's really no big thing. . . . We have always been interested in the public schools. They have stood the test of time."

Shattering Disclosures

In a recent TV commercial, singer Ella Fitzgerald is shown tape-recording a high note that shatters a wine glass when the tape is later played back. The commercial's highly effective message is that this particular brand of tape reproduces voices with unparalleled fidelity.

But now comes a spoilsport, Adrian Hope, of the British magazine *New Scientist*, who is trying to knock down the whole notion that Ms. Fitzgerald or any other singer can shatter a glass with sheer lung power. "I have devoted days to searching the literature," Hope says, "and I could never find any reference to this."

In the end, the secretary of Britain's Advertising Standards Authority has backed away from his earlier support for the commercial and has admitted that despite the many stories about Caruso and others practically vaporizing champagne glasses with their voice boxes, "The evidence [for such a feat] is purely hearsay."

Does this really mean that sound can't splinter a wine glass? Not at all, says Hope. You can splinter all the glasses you want to, so long as you have a loudspeaker system that can produce sound levels 10 decibels greater than those the human ear can endure. But when that level is reached, Hope explains, "You're in the area of mixing cement [by sending sound waves through it]—something which is actually done in the U.S. This is hardly the domestic setup shown in the ad."

Fred Marshall

Mystery Story

Environmentalists are pondering a strange story reported by Dick Van Buskirk Chevron in a recent issue of the *Kansas City Chemist*. It seems that during 1909, 1910, and 1911, scientists at the University of Wisconsin dug up 34 soil samples and sealed them in airtight glass containers. A few years ago the containers were opened and their contents subjected to a sensitive testing process called gas chromatography. Among the substances detected were the chemicals aldrin, dieldrin, and heptachlor, all of which are widely used in insecticides. The trouble is, Chevron points out, that "insecticides [containing these chemicals] were not invented or synthesized by man until thirty-five years after the soil samples were taken."

Feeding Idi (Part 2)

Footnote to the Front Runners item about Idi Amin's alleged cannibalistic tendencies ["On What Meat . . . ?" September 17]: The London *Sunday Times* says in a report from Nairobi, Kenya, "One of Idi Amin's house servants who has fled to Kenya claims that the Ugandan president keeps severed heads of his victims and human organs in a refrigerator at one of his homes. In one horrifying incident, says the servant, Amin's wife, Sarah, discovered the head of her former lover in the refrigerator." Unquote.

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run by-lines with items, or return unused submissions. Please send items to:
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN GREGORY

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DEMOCRACY IN SPAIN

Can the Impossible Dream Come True?

by Horace Sutton

THESE are grave and uncertain days at Moncloa, the elegant little palace with its tall cypresses, its spreading evergreens, and its gravel walks that is home and command post for the Spanish prime minister. The double iron gates are closed, and the names of those who come to visit are checked off by a covey of civil guards who stand at the portal with patent leather tricornered hat, rifle slung over shoulder, a walking memoir of days that were bitter and fierce. It is as if in the village a certain sadness had come to the family in the big house on the hill and the seigneur suffers deep travail.

Moncloa's marbled halls, paved with deep carpets, stalked always by ushers and secretaries, have been the domain of Adolfo Suárez, the forty-four-year-old centrist, a favorite of Juan Carlos, king of Spain, who with his Greek queen lives nearby in the Palacio de la Zarzuela.

The king and Suárez, whatever their prior political cant, are now avowed democrats who, each domiciled a few miles from the hunting lodge at El Pardo where Franco lived, must endure the shadow of El Pardo and that of its former tenant, His Excellency, the Chief of State and Generalissimo of the Armed Forces, Don Francisco Franco Bahamonde, Caudillo of Spain, the onetime general of Spain's African army who, by circumstance, became führer and duce and stayed to rule the nation absolutely and in archaic trappings over four decades.

Together now, king and prime minister must thread Spain through minefields and trip wires of the most explosive political and social topography surveyed since the summer of 1936, when, after one malevolent turn upon another, the fledgling republic dropped into the pit of a civil war that left at least half a million dead and scars upon the living and upon the nation that will be carried into the next millennium.

There are those who suggest that the setting in Spain now is, ominously, as it was in 1936. By that they mean that the army and the wealthy classes were aligned on the far Right, the Socialists were the largest single party, and the economy, then as now, was shaky.

Eroded now is that euphoric edge so evident in the spring of 1977, when the Spanish people went to the polls for the first time in 41 years, discarding the repressive reign, voting a middle-of-the-road coalition ticket, but awarding more than 28 percent of the popular vote to the Socialist Workers party, a radical version of Willy Brandt's socialism. Indeed, Brandt's party had backed its Spanish counterpart, led by Felipe González, a thirty-five-year-old lawyer exuding a boyish charm who made his party the largest in Spain.

Dimmed, perhaps, is the noble purposefulness that welled out of the first meeting of the elected Cortes addressed by the king. Now the autumn is here, and the leaves fall on a restive nation where inflationary winds stir discontent. The rich, beclouded by a paranoia of tax fear, equate the imposition of levies with Communism; and workers threaten season hectored by strikes.

These are the nettles that can attend democracy, unknown in a nation of novitiates who, babes in the woodlands of freedom, fear to pick benign mushrooms lest they prove to be buds of anarchy. It is a curious and unfortunate circumstance of the times that the Spanish people have at last been able to turn to democracy only to find they have done so at the very moment when the sheikhs have plunged the world into an oil-fueled inflation.

In the best of the Franco years—whatever the loss of liberties—Spain was racking up a comfortable balance of payments. By 1973 it had developed the largest tourist industry in the world. The 35 million foreign visitors who came that year outnumbered the population by a million. The editors of the Michelin guide to Spain likened the economic importance of Spanish tourism to the value of Peru to the kingdom in the sixteenth century.

Moreover, upwards of a million workers had found their way to the far side of the Pyrenees and, working abroad were sending back earnings that amounted to a sum so sizable it became Spain's largest earner of foreign currency after tourism and manufactured goods.

In the blooming of prosperity, Spain, so long so poor, so long the holes-in-the-knees cousin in the boondocks beyond the mountains, became a consumer society. In 1960 four Spanish families out of a hundred had refrigerators, and four out of a hundred had cars. Now 88 out of a hundred have refrigerators, and every second family has a car. On a sunny weekend the road from Barcelona to the seaside retreat of Sitges becomes so jammed with cars that those who leave

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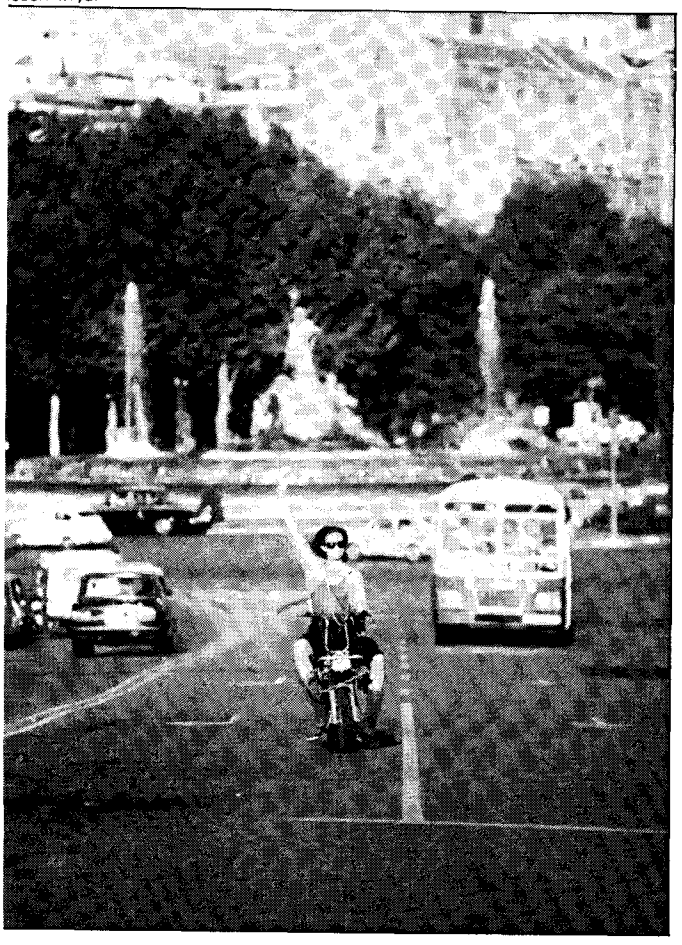

The king and his ministers, above, several of whom are out of the new centrist, but liberalized, government, salute arm-swinging troopers of the Guardia Civil—" 'When one joins the civil guard, one declares civil war,' wrote Ramón Sender." Below, an exuberant young motorcyclist roars past the Plaza de las Cortes, the fountain of Neptune a backdrop for her exuberant victory salute—"A youth born, weaned, and reared on pure fascism —and that has emerged into maturity as democratic."

after ten o'clock of a Sunday morning stand little chance of getting back before midnight.

In the last years of the Franco reign—he died in November 1975—the oil crisis derailed the Spanish express. Tourism, so bountiful a gift, especially in areas once considered arid and useless, fell off sharply, leaving the resorts with empty hotels and lonely beaches. Workers laid off abroad returned home seeking jobs. Franco moved to pacify the workers, granting them raises of 20 and 30 percent a year; but that only puffed the cheeks of inflation even more.

It was against that economic landscape that the Franco years ground at last to an end, and Juan Carlos as king moved to establish a constitutional monarchy. When it came time to vote, it was strange to comprehend that only those who were sixty-four or older had ever before cast a ballot in a free election. Seventy percent of the nation is under forty; they had lived all their lives under the strict lacings of the absolutist Franco regime. Yet the country took no collective chances—it neither ratified Franco's far Right nor did it depart archly from it by moving far left; it went right down the middle.

To dismantle the fascist government, Spain turned to new

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leaders, many of whom had been workers in Franco's party. Perhaps only such a group, retaining some credibility with the Right because of their Franco connection, would have been capable of such an artful job of field-stripping the fascist mechanism without sparking an explosion on the Right. The army has traditionally preferred a central government, and in the rightist view, anarchy always lies bubbling just below the surface. Take the lid off the pot, even a bit, and you can't put it back on, they said. And while the rightist Alianza Popular, headed by Manuel Fraga Iribarne, former minister of the interior and onetime ambassador to the Court of St. James, picked up an anemic 8.2 percent of the popular vote, the guns rest in reactionary hands. The crack army division Brunete Number 1, named after a famed civil war battle, remains in tether just north of Madrid.

In the delicate balance on which Spain teeters, the army is contained by Juan Carlos, a monarch as popular in the barracks as he is in the yachting circles of Majorca. And memories had only to turn back two years to recall a photograph of Adolfo Suárez in blue shirt and white tunic bearing the Falangist clutch of arrows on his shoulder boards. He was then head of the Movimiento Falange, the party that had its origins in a group of young self-anointed elitists who, in the early Thirties, undertook as a crusade to rid Spain of incipient Marxism and liberalism. In Franco Spain, the Falange was the sole party, and in the last days of Franco, Suárez was its principal representative.

Having assumed now the reins of the democracy, Suárez is called not an opportunist but a technician. "His specialty," says Dr. Alberto Aza, chief of the Cabinet, "is maneuvering. He has all sorts of magic formulas." Dr. Aza, bearded, articulate, silky, and just forty, accompanied Suárez on his visit to the States and was so nimble with translations and with the press that he was made aide-de-camp on the spot. Aza's own Franco years, which embraced his entire life,

CONVERSATIONS WEST OF SEVILLE

by Richard Eder

Isla Cristina

"EVERYBODY instantly into the water!" You could set a watch by the grandfather's bellowed command. Every day at two o'clock, an hour before it was time to go up for an enormous lunch, it would erupt from the palm-roofed beach shelter a few yards away from us. Then the grandfather would stand up with perfect amiability and march, in a procession of one, down to the water, where he would splash water over his legs and return reporting the results. None of his children or grandchildren would pay the least attention, nor did he show any sign of expecting them to.

The habit of authority clings to Spain's old men even though its substance has largely eroded long ago. It was like that with Franco in his last years, I reflect, lying on the beach and seeking significance everywhere, as if with Franco's death and the great change in Spain's public visage, everything, down to the very grains of sand, must be different. Returning here after a number of years, my eyes grow trigger-happy, quick to see symptoms or at the very least, symbols all around.

This bit of Spanish coast, on the Atlantic side of Gibraltar and running north and west into Portugal's Algarve, is an unlikely place to seek them. It is not so much unspoiled as overlooked. It is hard to get to—100 miles over mediocre roads from Seville and the nearest airport—and so, despite its white beaches, its clean ocean water marred only by the Portuguese men-of-war that drift down from the Guadiana River, its fine weather, its fishing villages, and its peaceful hinterland of pinewoods and melon fields, it has avoided the large disasters of the tourist boom and remains a vacation spot used mainly by Spaniards from Seville and Huelva.

The fishing boats go out at three in the morning, and their lights string out along the horizon as if it were another shore. They are back before noon, and one or two cruise near the beach, selling sardines and whiting in dripping plastic bags. A farmer leads two donkeys along the sand, offering melons, grapes, and potatoes from panniers across their backs. When we declined to buy potatoes one day because we were leaving for New York, he suggested that we take 20 or 30 pounds with us. "They must be more expensive there," he urged.

They are not, really. The Spanish inflation is brutal, and the recent devaluation, whatever else it may do, has made it worse. At the little general store near the beach, prices change daily. "If you need oil, buy it this morning," the owner's wife advised. "My husband went into Huelva, and when he gets back this afternoon the price will go up." Paco, a friend, has bought himself a big blue Citroën. When he drives it, he gets up speed, shifts to neutral, and coasts to save gasoline.

WHAT with inflation and growing unemployment, the situation is grave. It is not necessarily serious, though. There is an exuberance around; not because very much is happening—the government is in a kind of doldrums at present—but because the Spaniards are discovering all kinds of things about themselves. Here on the beach, where bikinis are worn universally—though with a certain severely pedagogical air—we have discovered that Spanish women have navels. According to the evidence of the picture magazines, they have nipples, too; and strenuous letters in the newspapers are announcing that the clitoris has been located. Spaniards have discovered that it is possible to make cruel fun of Franco without the sky falling, that the Communists can be as reasonable and as boring as anyone else, and that everyone in this country has always been a democrat.

It is a strain on those who managed for so long to disguise their democratic allegiance and support Franco, and do well by it. Having voted for the right-wing Alianza Popular in the election and having seen it win only 8 percent of the vote,

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were spent in the diplomatic service in Algeria and in Rome. "One was either a hero living abroad, or in prison, or working in government," he explains. The private sector, to young men for whom political power was catnip, seemed not to have been an alternative.

SUÁREZ, the handsome, telegenic premier, is the handpicked favorite of Juan Carlos, himself handpicked —chosen over his father, Juan, still in exile in France—to be king of Spain. Since the death of Franco, Juan Carlos has behaved like a committed democrat. He is aware that the only way to consolidate the monarchy is to identify it with democracy. His brother-in-law, the former King Constantine of Greece, who comes to sail with Juan Carlos in Majorca, is now selling cars in England.

Monarchist roots do not grow deep in Spain, and royalty does not bask in an aurora borealis of reverence and reputation. The last king, Alfonso XIII, Juan Carlos's grandfather, installed a dictator to rule over the kingdom and finally abandoned the nation in 1931, opening the way for the second republic and, ultimately, the civil war.

Although the Left, which holds a commanding position, will only tolerate the king as a constitutional monarch with no powers to govern, Juan Carlos has made his points. Diplomats skilled in taking political temperatures say that if a referendum on the question of keeping the monarchy were held today, the king would win. As a political chess piece, he is also the guarantor who keeps the military out of politics.

Strange as it may appear to Western democratic sensibilities, it is Suárez, the former Falangist, and Juan Carlos, the king created by General Franco, who have presided over reform. Together with the new bicameral Cortes—a parliament that embraces a crazy quilt of figures including Socialist Felipe González; rightist Manuel Fraga Iribarne; Santiago Carillo, head of the Communist party; and Dolores

---

they pronounce the word *democracy* with a peculiar explosiveness and say with heavy and pointed foreboding that the situation is very unclear and dangerous.

A letter in the local paper was typical. It came from a coffee distributor who objected to a government plea for consumer restraint in order to hold down prices.

"Coffee!" the letter concluded. "You who were so often the sustenance of so many children during the war and afterward: a cup of coffee with bread in it . . . and off to bed! Now you see: they are calling you an article of superluxury, at the very moment when we are so flamboyantly inaugurating democracy!"

Among these people, nerves occasionally snap. For a whole day there was a rumor on the beach that an air force colonel with pronounced right-wing views and two unmarried daughters had taken a fighter plane and strafed the animals in a nearby nature preserve. Nobody ventured to ask the colonel about it, but, true or not, it had a certain plausibility. To the full-blooded Francoist, nature preserves suggest socialism and a decline in national values.

At the news and magazine shop, the customers arrive before the papers. *El País*, the best of the Madrid dailies, gets in around three in the afternoon; by 2:45 half a dozen people are waiting for it. On Wednesdays, when *Cambio 16*, the newsweekly, arrives, the shop is choked with eager customers who untie the bundles for the owner and take their copies. They ogle the picture magazines, and when they buy them they carry them down the street with the cover in full view. Spain is probably the only country in the West where buying magazines with nude pictures can be considered a sign of enlightenment.

Not universally, of course. One recent Wednesday, a middle-aged man picked up the newspaper *ABC*, which clings to most of the assumptions of the Franco era, and a friend asked if he was going to take a magazine as well. "I don't buy magazines," the man said. "I buy DDT. It's less poisonous."

It has become the turn of the aggrieved Right to speak gnomically and in significant silences. Not because there is any difficulty about their speaking out, but because they have been used to agreeing with the reigning power. Now that this power seems to be in the hands of a liberal majority, they lack a vocabulary of dissent.

For the rest, for the majority, the main business of the country is expression. If there is anything left unsaid in Spain these days it is only because nobody has thought of saying it. It is not that the legal barriers against free speech are all gone; the editors of the most widely read newspapers, frustrated and angry young reporters when I knew them a half-dozen years ago, have long strings of legal actions pending against them. But, except for brushes with the armed forces or the militarized police (one journalist was given 20 days of house arrest on a charge of "a nonserious instance of mild disrespect"), for the press, the law has no teeth.

It is more like a feast, marked by the national tendency to overeat, than a revolution. All kinds of radical positions are being taken and all kinds of radical groups formed, but the effect is largely innocuous. Everyone is so busy expressing himself or herself that nobody listens much, and this lessens the possibility of conflict. "Now that we can say whatever we want, we don't have all that much to say," a beach neighbor, who is a psychiatrist, observed. "Don't you find the press more exciting?" a Spanish friend asked. In a way it is, but the effect of so much unfettered verbiage—there is no longer the excitement of slipping things past the censor—is mildly emetic.

There has been surprise that the evolution in Spain after Franco has gone so civilly. In large part it is because what has happened is less the creation of a new reality than its recognition. Many of the changes that seem to be taking place had already, deep down, taken place. The aging presence of the dictator hadn't allowed them to be publicly recognized.

Spaniards had grown out of their dictatorship long before it disappeared. This has been an unmasking of a disguise long since penetrated, the removal of the bandage from a wound that had long since healed. What the patient will do with his healed limb is another question; for the moment he is agitating it gently in the air and taking considerable pleasure from doing so. ◉

A former foreign correspondent in Spain, Richard Eder is now drama critic of The New York Times. *He spent a summer month at Isla Cristina.*

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Ibarruri, now eighty-one, the storied *la Pasionaria* of civil war days, home from exile in Russia and once again a delegate—they must face the demands for home rule that are pressed by the Catalans and come stridently, and often flooded with terror, from the Basques. The 6 million Catalans, who occupy a triangle of land with the Pyrenees on one side and the Mediterranean on the other, have often been called the Jews of Spain. With Barcelona as their capital and an array of factories strung out along the coast, the industrious Catalans are responsible for production far beyond their numbers.

"Today the civil guard is a formidable force of 65,000, and although they are more tractable than a year ago, they continue to inspire as much fear as loathing. You don't go around saying, 'Hey, Jack, what's your shield number?' "

In 1936, speaking their own language, flying their own flag, and governing from their own headquarters, the Generalitat in Barcelona, the Catalans bitterly opposed the nationalist coup that brought Franco to power, fought bitterly in the conflict, and were bitterly oppressed when the civil war was done. Franco forbade the Catalan language, banished the flag, and dissolved the Generalitat. Catalan leaders scurried into exile. The emergence of Majorca and the Costa Brava as prime tourist resorts in the 1950s tempered the oppression in those areas.

Because of the Francoist repression, some young Catalans cannot write their language, but today the Catalan tongue is back in full use. On the Ramblas, the mile-long promenade in Barcelona, the kiosks sell Catalan newspapers, each of them sporting the Catalan flag in color. A Barcelona teenager, come to take Sunday lunch at Pá i Trago, a bistro that features Catalan dishes, wears blue jeans with a Jesus label, drinks Coke, and carries a handbag affixed with a sticker that glows with the Catalan flag and the exhortation *En Català,si us plau*—"Say it in Catalan, please."

Last summer the Catalan leader, Josep Tarradellas, in exile in France since the Franco victory in 1936, returned to Spain to confer with Adolfo Suárez. Now, with the return of the Generalitat, home rule seems at last a certainty, but the problem may prove more sticky than that. Catalonia is pushing for commercial autonomy as well, to ensure that its tax money is not funneled away to industrialize Madrid.

The Basques, who occupy provinces in the north of Spain, along the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay, caught the separatist revival fever from the Catalans early in the century. Grown rich and independent on iron, steel, wood, and shipbuilding, and finding their markets outside of Spain, the Basques were filled with the *machismo* of independence, a life apart from Spain. Those heady dreams brought them frightful suffering in the civil war, but it failed to cool the fever. One of Franco's last acts was to condemn to death young Basque terrorists who, in the spirit of separatism, had taken to assassinating policemen. Last June, Basques kidnapped a Bilbao industrialist and killed him when his family declined to meet a ransom demand of nearly $6 million.

In the heat of summer, the Basques demonstrated violently, especially in the resort at San Sebastián, choking the streets with barricades and smashing windows in banks and shops. The police replied with smoke grenades, nightsticks, and rubber bullets.

The Cortes is studying the idea of eliminating the Guardia Civil and Los Grisas, the grays, from Basque provinces and giving local government its own police responsibility. But there are those who believe that police and civil guard must be retrained to consider themselves protectors of the people rather than an extension of the government, free to violate the people's rights in pursuit of their version of law enforcement.

The police and the civil guard have traditionally been run by seconded army officers. But, as Hugh Thomas writes about them in his epic tome *The Spanish Civil War*, "with their green uniforms, three-cornered hats, their Mauser rifles, and gaunt barracks, this police force was regarded as if it were an army of occupation." Its members were taught to remain aloof from villagers, and they never served in the part of Spain from which they came. Their reputation for ruthlessness was not unwarranted, and villagers came to hate them and set upon them with a vengeance when provoked. In *Seven Red Sundays*, Ramón Sender, the novelist, put it this way: "When one joins the civil guard, one declares civil war."

Today the civil guard (whose image some Spaniards try to soften by likening them to Canadian Mounties) is a formidable force of 65,000. Add to that 35,000 grays and the combined paramilitary force grows to 100,000, almost half the size of Spain's standing army. Although there is said to be considerable uncertainty in their own ranks on how they should properly embrace the law, especially after 1,000 of their like went to jail after the coup in Portugal, and although they are considered more tractable than they were a year ago, they continue to inspire as much fear as loathing. "Around here," says a foreign journalist working in Madrid, "you don't go around saying, 'Hey, Jack, what's your shield number?' "

If the government must reeducate the police, it must do as much for the wealthy classes, who have by tradition, almost by code of honor, as it were, avoided paying taxes. "Not paying your taxes is a sport in Spain," says José Ortega Spottorno, the publisher who started Spain's lively new daily, *El País*. Son of the famed philosopher Ortega y Gasset, and a senator appointed to the Cortes by the king, Ortega privately believes that it will be necessary to catch two or three "big fish" in income tax evasion before the workers believe that democracy has truly arrived. "It hasn't happened yet," he says, "but it is fundamental." There are still no criminal sanctions for income tax evasion.

"To Get Out of the Crisis," reads the cover line of a recent issue of *Cambio 16*, Madrid's snappy new weekly magazine, "Let the Rich Pay." But the rich, many of whom have moved bank accounts out of the country, have shown themselves in prior times more willing to risk a political coup than to pay their taxes. In the fearful days of 1936, they looked for a coup to deliver them from reform, but they got instead a civil war of class against class. It was then that they turned to Italy and Germany for help, igniting what Hugh Thomas has called "a world war in miniature."

The reeducation of the rich will have to be aimed at the industrialists of Barcelona, the wealthy families in the Basque north, and the landowners in Andalusia and Es-

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tremadura. "Does all this mean I have to have my luggage ready?" an industrialist asked Suárez recently at a reception attended by the king. Said Suárez, "If you are ready to renounce fifty percent of your privileges, you can stay."

The king, overhearing the conversation, turned to Suárez after the man had left and said, "Don't you think you've been too hard on him?" And then he added reflectively, "Well, it's not bad that they sample the air."

THE AIR dances with freedoms, or rather, democratic permissiveness. In a nation that lived under ultrapuritanical strictures during 40 *franquista* years, a nation where the church's laws were the government's laws, the changes are dizzying even to the visitors who have lived in the democratic West. Kiosks once as sober as the library in a nunnery are festooned with pornographia, not quite as hard core yet as the displays on Scandinavian and American newsstands, but in Spain they seem as startling as a nude in church. An enormous billboard on the Plaza de Callao, heralding a film called *Homo Eroticus*, with Ira von Furstenberg, shows a doctor examining a naked male. The viewer sees only the patient's back, but the doctor's wide-eyed expression and the direction of his gaze are clearly saying,"I have never seen anything like *that* before."

"A simple advertisement for bathing suits shows a couple swimming nude in clear water. Each is holding aloft a bathing suit. Says the copy, 'It is a beautiful thing to swim without a suit, but if you have to have one, buy ours.' "

Nightclubs along tourist row offer dancers nude except for shoes. A play about an aging philanderer who finds revitalization with a young girl has a scene in which the girl, fondled by her lover, romps bare-breasted on the bed. The Madrid version of *Equus* has left in the nude scene that brought gasps from the Wednesday matinee-goers when the show first opened on Broadway.

"In France," says publisher Ricardo Utrilla, who lived abroad for many years, "workers save. In Spain we are trying to live fast and well. Forty years without life has made Spaniards eager to live."

Sometimes the lust for life has spilled over into the ludicrous. Last summer the self-styled Commandos of the Love War for Moral Democracy, describing themselves as a militant lovers group, were asking for the right to make love in public. Only a year ago policemen were cautioning young couples strolling with arms about each other's waists against exhibiting displays of affection in public.

In the *franquista* time a billboard showing a girl's bare shoulder brought an outraged call from the wife of the minister of information and tourism. Any autocrat in or out of government could take private censorial action. Someone close to a government official could influence a television commercial. Young and Rubicam's Charles Alexander recalls situations where a housewife in a commercial might appear too real, not properly up-scale. "A helpful nudge to the right people would suggest that the commercial was not 'giving the image of the Spanish people we would like to convey.' No more was needed to take it off the air."

Decisions were arbitrary. A book series on the history of the civil war was allowed to be sold but could not be advertised. A manufacturer of sanitary napkins could advertise the name of the product but could not show it in an advertisement or say what it was for.

Now, advertising agencies seem to vie with one another in producing suggestive ads. A manufacturer of bathing suits is promoting his product with a simple advertisement showing a couple swimming nude in clear water. Each is holding aloft a bathing suit recently doffed. Says the copy, "It is a beautiful thing to swim without a bathing suit, but if you have to have one, buy ours."

A celebrated ad for Wrangler jeans shows a bare-chested man. Female fingers, nails bright with polish, are undoing the snaps on his jeans. The top button is already open. Says the caption, "Wrangler can resist if you can." "In the old days," says Alexander, whose firm handles the rival product, "we might have had trouble trying to describe Levi's curve and fit."

Sniffing the air and finding it salubrious for its product, *Playboy* is considering a Spanish edition. Why not? The market is certainly ripe. An enterprising money-maker who paid 10 million pesetas for the home viewing rights to an eight-millimeter version of the film *Emmanuelle* with a black cast is selling 3,000 prints a week.

Strangely enough, the same censorship commission that acted so harshly before is still in office and is still headed by Jaime de Urzaiz, director general of advertising activities. In the new liberalism there are certain restrictions on health claims, and if advertisers say "better" or "more" they must prove it. But the moral code has dissolved.

Such an abrupt turn of the compass heading has left some officials as dizzy and confused as are some senior citizens after all those years entrenched in authoritarian, puritanical *franquista* dogma. An upper echelon minister, having lunch with Ricardo Utrilla not long ago, leaned across the table and said, "Look, you know all about democracy and all I know is Francoism. On this matter we have discussed—is this decision Francoist or democratic?"

Still on the books is a 1966 press law, written by the rightist leader Manuel Fraga Iribarne, that says it is illegal to criticize the army, the king, or the unity of the state. It was quietly relaxed, especially after the king delivered a pro-reform speech before the U.S. Congress during his American visit in the spring of 1976. During that trip *Cambio 16* printed a cartoon depicting the king dancing across a star-studded New York skyline. The king was not offended, but government rightists were, and they demanded that *Cambio 16* be suspended for four months. That brought outcries from *El País* on one hand (which called a four-month suspension "an indefinite suspension of the credibility of reform") to the *Washington Star*, on another, which in an editorial on June 17, 1976—the election was still a year away—wrote: "Conservative elements in Madrid have got to learn that a free press is not just the luxury of a society already free but something of special value to a society trying to choose its own future in an atmosphere of openness and consensus." It called the freedom of *Cambio 16* "a profoundly significant test of the intentions and good faith of the new government in Madrid."

The king intervened and *Cambio 16* was free, but not off

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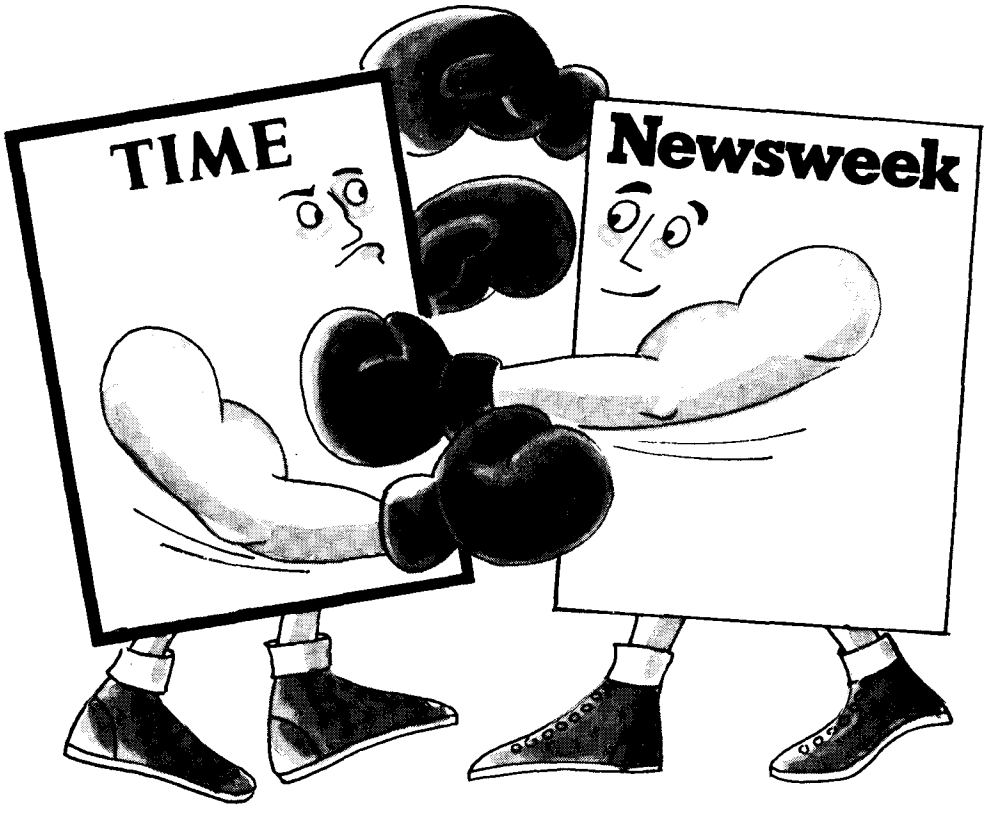

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the hook. A year later Fraga got a court order to seize copies of *Diario 16*, *Cambio*'s hard-hitting daily. Carlos Arias Navarro, the ex-prime minister whose resignation *Cambio* had called for (and who was ultimately sacked by the king before the elections), started court proceedings because of a satirical article about him in *Diario 16*.

In America, William Buckley's *National Review* ran an article by British writer Robert Moss that praised Fraga, warned of Soviet plots to destabilize Spain, and called Ricardo Utrilla "an active Communist party member." No Communist, Utrilla, who had been a correspondent in Washington for the French press, has received death threats and has been followed ominously by car and by motorcycle. He was finally placed under police protection. This summer, bombs were set off in the printing plant of *Diario 16*, near the Eurotel. Fortunately the building it occupies was built for heavy industry, otherwise it would have collapsed. But the German presses, valued at more than $250,000, were wrecked. The thirty-four-year-old editor, Miguel Aguilar, believes it to be the work of Grapo, a secret group of agents provocateurs whose purpose is to stir terrorist action that will wreck the democracy and bring in the army. A firm believer in Adolfo Suárez, Aguilar says, "The press has played an important role in the sunrise of Spanish society."

At times, press freedoms have become entangled in the archaic laws that limit women's rights. An article about birth control published in *El País* last February brought that paper a fine of 200,000 pesetas. Spanish laws dealing with women date from the nineteenth century, and since Franco made church laws into national laws, abortion and divorce are illegal. The law prohibits the use and sale of birth control materials and the promulgation of information about them.

Divorces in the form of church annulments have been obtained by actors and prominent people, but they are unavailable for the rest of society. Women send to London for intrauterine devices and then seek out young liberal doctors to insert them. Prescriptions are needed for birth control pills, but older doctors are loath to write them. For abortions, women call a number in London. The respondent answers in Spanish and advises the date of the next abortion flight. The cost, less than that in Paris, includes pickup at the airport.

Until the laws are rewritten, Spain remains no woman's land. Without need of witnesses, a husband may accuse his wife of adultery. If the case is proven to the satisfaction of the court, she is liable to a six-year jail term. But a wife needs witnesses even if she knows her husband maintains a mistress in a separate apartment, and to prove him an adulterer she must prove that her husband slept with another woman in the family home.

ALL THIS is a fertile field for women's rights leaders. Pilar de Yzaguirre, a pert, fiery mother of five, formed the Association for Promotion and Cultural Evolution as an underground society two years before Franco died. It was legalized in February of 1975 and maintains headquarters in a poster-covered flat in a Madrid apartment house. Under a printed fanfare that shouts, "SI SI SI, DOLORES A MADRID," a Communist exhortation, and the American contribution that shows a woman standing with men along a row of urinals, Yzaguirre and her deputies send out literature and plan their speaking tours. But so ingrained in Spanish culture is the fabric of *machismo* that women to whom the basic principles of women's lib are explained just laugh.

A cultivated Madrid matron, a working mother who listened to Yzaguirre said later, "It has become chic to glorify Dolores and to cast her as a symbol of women's rights. I don't hold to that. She sent too many people to their death to claim the right to emerge now as a social heroine." At dinner one night, the wife of an upper-middle-class industrialist, well traveled, well educated, and well off, held forth spiritedly about the inequities that exist in women's rights. "The new democracy will change all that," she said determinedly. But then her face darkened and she added, "But I am afraid, really afraid, of all those Communists. They could take over."

"For abortions women call a number in London. The respondent answers in Spanish and advises the date of the next abortion charter flight. The cost, less than that in Paris, includes pickup at the airport."

The Communist party was legalized in Spain in what is now considered a masterstroke of political legerdemain engineered by Suárez and Juan Carlos in the quiet of the Easter holidays, while militant minds were turned toward more reverential directions.

"Never, never in my life," said the young daughter of a retired Francoist general who had served in the Canaries, "had I ever seen my father so angry. I thought he would explode when he heard the news." But the fury evidenced itself only with the resignation of the admiral heading the naval ministry and with some rightist demonstrations that were a counterattack to the spirited street celebrations in the workers' sections of Madrid.

Santiago Carillo, who was the twenty-year-old secretary general of the United Socialist Youth in 1936, reentered post-Franco Spain as head of the Communist party. But Carillo returned as a Eurocommunist, the author of *Eurocommunism and the State*, a book having a lively sale in Madrid bookstores. In its criticisms of the Kremlin in matters ranging from human rights to failure to dissolve Stalinism, the book has provoked the ire of the Soviet high command, which would like to unhorse Carillo and replace him with one of the party faithful along the lines of Soviet purist Alvaro Cunhal in Portugal. Only Ceaucescu of Romania among the leaders of the Soviet bloc, came to Carillo's defense, but in Spain Carillo's position is firm. Having seen the nation suffer from 40 years of oppression, Spanish Communists, like Spaniards of other political persuasions, are inclined to be sharply critical of the Soviet record in matters of human rights.

Rid at last of the oppressive far Right, the nation is not likely to move to the far left unless severe worker unrest further unbalances the economy. The autumn could indeed bring a rash of strikes, but a coalition of Suárez's party and that of González, called for in some quarters, seems unlikely.

Spain is eager to convince Scandinavians, the Teutons of the north, and the Dutch that it is a democratic country and no longer a European outcast. Getting in the Common Market would award it a tacit seal of approval from other

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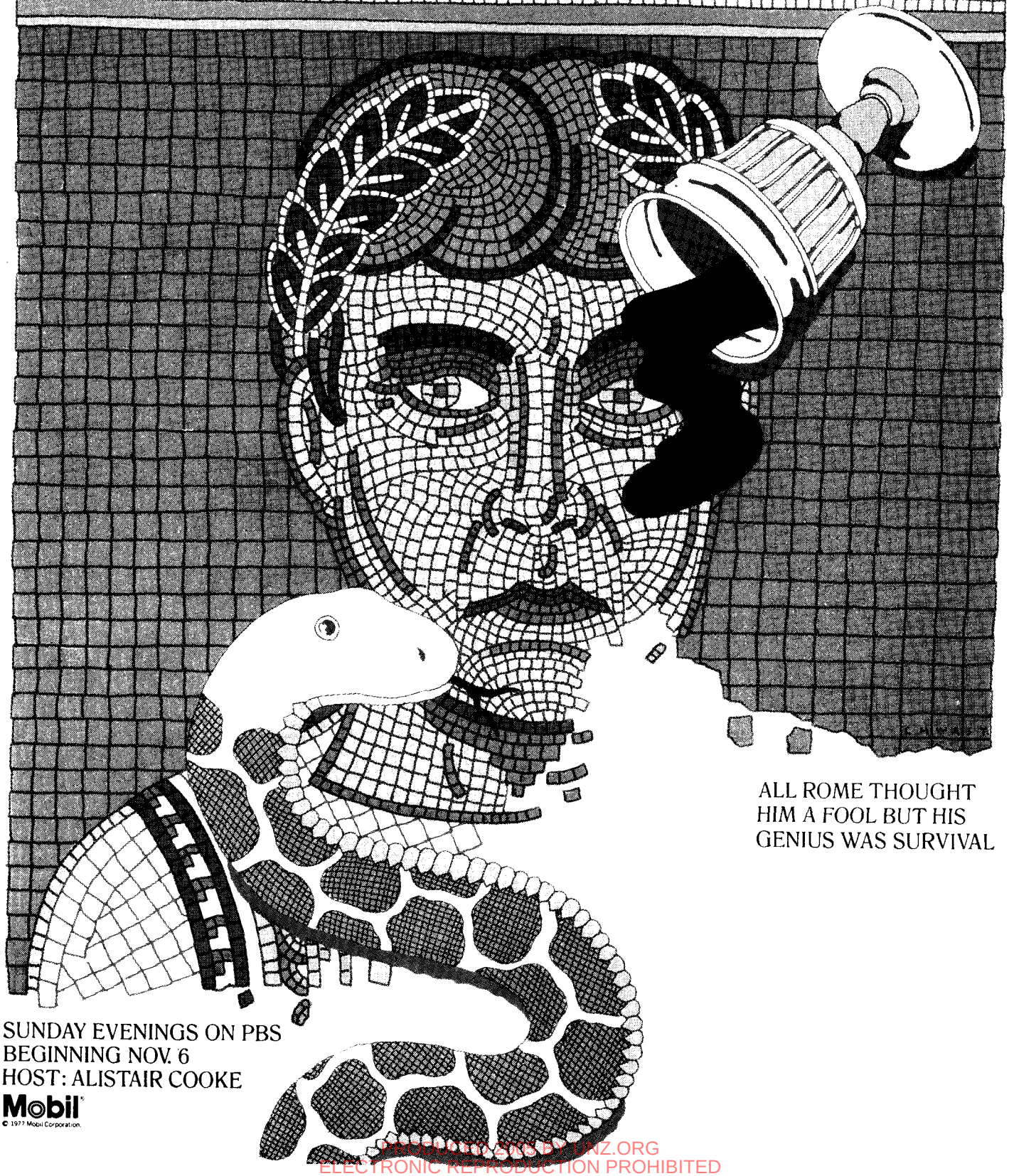

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nations and provide it with better markets for Spanish agriculture and industry. In the larger view, the Common Market is a step toward an eventual united Europe that could be socialist with an assortment of leaders to choose from—Mitterand, Brandt, Schmidt, González, or Soares.

Although the Spanish military would like to be a part of the professionalism of their Western European counterparts and the democratic center is in favor of joining NATO, Socialists and Communists are opposed. The Socialists see the 1953 treaty that gave the United States bases in Spain as a move that served to entrench Franco in power. The embrace, so well photographed, between Eisenhower and Franco, was symbolic to the Spanish Left—and dispiriting. Spaniards who opposed fascism had held out postwar hopes that once Germany and Italy had been vanquished, the Allies would turn on Franco.

The American base at Torrejon, the air base at Zaragoza, the standby base at Morón, and the naval station at Rota may bolster the Spanish economy, but to the Spanish Left they are holdovers from the cold war and an extension of the United States and the imperialist aims it has exhibited in Central and South America. Moreover, in the likelihood that U.S. bases in Central Europe are overrun, Spain would be the natural fallback arena of operations.

For its part, Spain, sitting behind the wall of the Pyrenees, seems less disposed to consider a threat from the east as it is watchful of one from Africa, where every warm zephyr crossing the narrow straits, only 36 miles wide, could carry whisperings of trouble. Already Radio Free Canarias broadcasts with impunity from a station inside Algeria. And if an unfriendly African nation, Algeria or Morocco, say, were to make a move toward the Canaries, who then would protect Spain's interests?

To add foreign affairs to the ledger of problems facing a new old nation beset with uncountable domestic conundrums seems basely unfair.

The real hope of this ancient consortium of clans, which as an imperial power dispatched Columbus on his voyage of discovery of the New World, Magellan on his circumnavigation of the globe, and the conquistadores on the conquering missions that left the Iberian imprint from California clear to Tierra del Fuego, is its youth. It is a youth born, weaned, and reared on pure fascism—and that has emerged into maturity as democratic. "To be young is to be a democrat," says an influential journalist in Madrid. The average age of the editors of *El País*, already Spain's second largest newspaper, is thirty-one. Its editor is thirty-two. His opposite number on the rival *Diario 16* is thirty-four. Of the key politicians, Suárez, the centrist, is forty-four; González, the putative socialist heir apparent, is thirty-five. The king, in a pivotal role, is forty. Even the church, so influential a voice in the chaotic days that led to the civil war, and so powerful a partner in the Francoist 40 years, is strangely silent. Not until the 1960s did the church begin to withdraw from its relationship with Franco. Young priests would not accept the church's political involvement and its participation in a political constitution. Today young worker-priests stand for election on the Communist ticket.

The church and the *franquistas* will shudder when the Cortes, as it surely will be, is asked to consider a divorce law and relaxation of abortion laws, along with equal rights for women, home rule for Catalans and Basques, and municipal elections. Many young people are convinced that the only solution for Spain is a federal state along the lines of the American system, with the central government collecting taxes, allocating public works, and assuming responsibility for defense and foreign affairs. The concept crosses party lines and finds as much favor with Socialists as it does with centrists.

On a scorching sunlit day last July, Juan Carlos, dressed in the full uniform of the commander in chief, crossed under the awning of the Cortes, just up the block from the Palace Hotel, to address the first elected parliament of the new Spain. A year and a half had passed since he had delivered his first message as king, and the Spanish world at that time had shuddered, heaved, and begun to turn again in a direction that had been considered inconceivable a few months before.

The monarch stood at a lectern and surveyed the circle of delegates—Suárez, the pragmatist, dapper, artful, handsome; Fraga, pompous Francoist who gives out books filled with colored pictures of himself in various fancy dress, including that of ambassador to Britain; Carillo, the youth leader who had lived and aged a lifetime during 40 years of exile and had come home to lead the Communists; Ibarruri, *la Pasionaria* (of whom the rightists once claimed that she had severed the throat of a priest with her teeth), back after 38 years in the Soviet Union; Felipe González, the boyish Socialist; editor José Ortega, son of the philosopher-intellectual José Ortega y Gasset, at sixty once again a motivating journalistic force as originator of *El País*, and legislator as well.

"Your presence in this room," Juan Carlos told them, "the representations that each of you claims; the plurality of ideology . . . demonstrate . . . the desire for national harmony . . . and the recognition of the Spanish people's sovereignty."

To achieve a national harmony, the king said, "we had to address as a guarantee of the exercise of all liberties, the demands of the evolution that arose from the development of our culture, the change of generation, and the material growth of the present times." To achieve this, it was he who was to propose that everyone participate in political life.

"The law makes us all equal. But what is important is that no one feel marginal." He called for a constitution, for justice in human relations, for the exercise of authority with restraint, for the creation of vehicles to insure the dignity of man.

And then, finally, the phrase came. In his splendid uniform with the solitary row of gold buttons running down the dark tunic and a modest array of ribbons on his chest, the king surveyed the chamber, all the remnants of Franco, the Communists who had survived the exile, the reactionaries who had become democrats, the youthful Socialists—and to the polyglot group, this young man, ordained by a repressive, archly conservative army commander to be king of all Spain, uttered the absolute words. "Democracy has begun."

That was Friday, July 22. On the prior Sunday, a pale reed of a man, Protasio Montalvo, the former Socialist mayor of the town of Cercedilla, emerged from the hiding place where he had lived, in fear of his life, for 38 years. "My ambition is to live a few more years," he declared. Protasio Montalvo knew, too, that democracy had at last arrived in the kingdom beyond the Pyrenees. ◉

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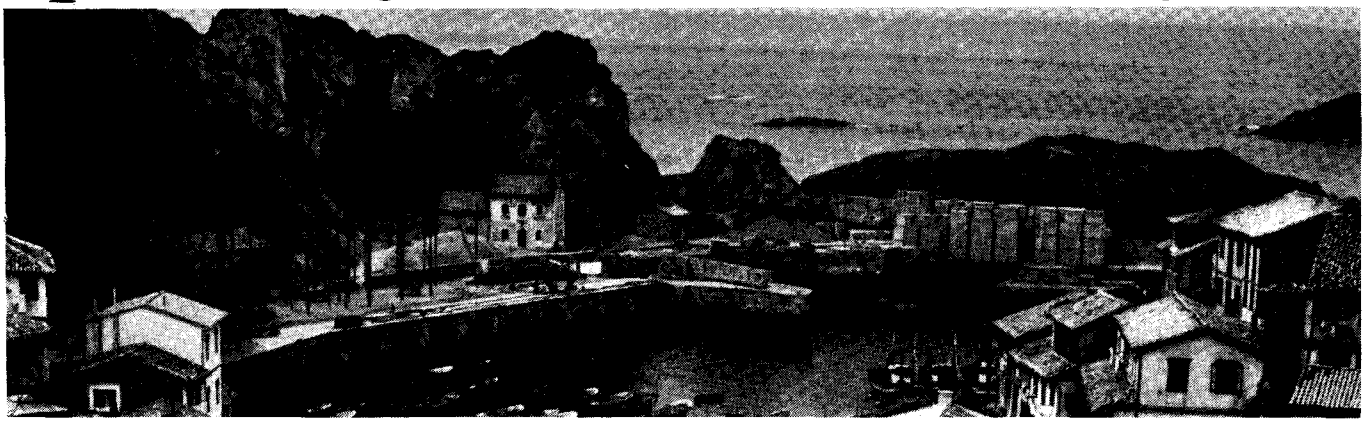

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MEANWHILE, IN PORTUGAL...

by Derwent May

LISBON today is politics. At its masthead, *A Luta*, the daily newspaper of the ruling minority Socialist party, proclaims itself "independent, socialist, *and pluralist*." It must be the only party paper in the world advertising its commitment to the rights of its opponents.

The whole city shines and flutters with the posters and slogans of its contending parties. Walk down the broad Avenida da Liberdade, where the black swans swim quietly on treelined pools, and at every step you meet the statues of old Portugal, bearded eminences accompanied by tight-lipped lions. But on every statue, as on the walls of every building, the signs and symbols of the mid-Seventies jostle. As the influence of the Communists has declined, so their part in the decoration of Lisbon has grown—stars, chains, the faces of dead youths. The Lisboners, in fact, are beginning to want their city cleaned up, and more and more of them are ringing up the police if anything movable, like a strip banner, makes its appearance; the police act fast, and usually it is gone within the hour. But the first exhilarating impression is of a city that would have matched Hannah Arendt's dream (where "each individual appears and confirms himself in speech and action").

One evening I went to the Lisbon opera, to see *Madama Butterfly*. The opera house, São Carlos, is a beautiful late-eighteenth-century building. Inside, it has five rows of small boxes, at the back of which you see the men standing in the shadows all through the performance, brimming with *machismo*, even though there is a second row of chairs. Dominating the whole opera house, however, is the royal box—facing the stage and taking up almost the whole depth of the building, its canopy supported by sweating gold Titans. No one sat in it, and no one has sat in it since the Salazar days. There was talk of allowing 15 students to sit there, but even the socialist soul of revolutionary Lisbon quailed at the thought of that.

An Englishwoman living at Estoril told me that long dresses began to come back last spring for the first time since the revolution but that furs were still definitely out. The opera house must have been avant-garde in this matter, for there were many fur capes to be seen on the shoulders below our box.

At the weekend especially, the bars and cafés of Lisbon are white with newspapers. Conspicuous among these is a weekly paper called *Expresso*. I went to see the editor, Francisco Pinto Balsemão, who was once a Social Democrat M.P. He is a close friend of the prime minister, but *Expresso* is in every way independent.

Everything he said to me expressed a faith in a moderate, rational politics as the right and most hopeful road for Portugal. He dismissed large bogeys; he seemed to imply that the problems were identifiable, measurable, and being tackled. The first was the agricultural problem: he thought the resistance to a sensible settlement in the South was more of a show of strength by the Communists than full-scale opposition. The trade unions (dominated by the Communists) presented the same challenge—that of tactical troublemaking rather than of major disruption.

Nationalized papers don't seem to be mere voices of the government. Even in the stately *Diario de Noticias*, I had read plain criticism of the government's actions. "Ah," he said. "If you see criticism of the government in a nationalized paper, that's because the paper is nearer to one minister than another." It seemed a further, convincing example of the complicated Portuguese compromise at this time when political adroitness is so vital to the government. But when one remembers that less than two years ago the revolutionary generals were declaring that the results of the elections were insignificant compared with the role of the left-wing junta, one can only be amazed at how decisively moderate men, both in and outside the army, have steered Portugal toward effective parliamentary democracy.

One of the best consequences of the revolution is that there are even more restaurants in Lisbon now than there were before. The minimum wage has made it possible for some to eat out; the disappearance of servants has made it more necessary for others. (Perhaps this is one aspect of what the only Freudian psychiatrist in Lisbon said to me: "The revolution has enabled us to see each other for the first time.") And food is still comparatively cheap for a Lisboner. It feels even cheaper to the visiting Englishman—less than £2 for a good meal in any small restaurant.

Out in the streets, the Lisboners are quite different from, say, the Spaniards in their cities. They are courteous, in a reticent English way, and are quickly lost in their own thoughts again. Even their voices, with their swallowed vowels and falling intonation, seem more English than Latin. (And on many streets there are red English pillar boxes, made by Handyside of Derbyshire.)

The traditional singing, the *fado*, is supposed to be the classic expression of this melancholy inward look but if so, the *fado* restaurants up on the hills don't give you more than a glimpse of it. The night I went to one, the main *fado* singer, a middle-aged woman in a black dress, tilted her head back as far as it would go and half-sang, half shouted, a song called "*Nunca Mais*"—"Never More"—like a rather unmelodious Edith Piaf. At a corner table, a man, representing her lover across the seas, occasionally replied to her in snatches of song.

I walked back to my hotel from the *fado* at midnight through busy but quiet streets. As I went into its pleasant lounge, bristling with what you might call documentary chic—lampshades made of black-and-white photographs in glass, of People's Lisbon—I saw four men arrive on the pavement outside with heavy cylinders of wood at the end of long sticks. They began to bump the small white stones of the pavement into place. For an hour, the banging went on, clearly audible in my second-floor room at the back. But I found I did not mind that I couldn't go to sleep. These were the night noises of peace. ◉

Derwent May is literary editor of The Listener. *His report from Portugal originally appeared in* Encounter, *published in Great Britain.*

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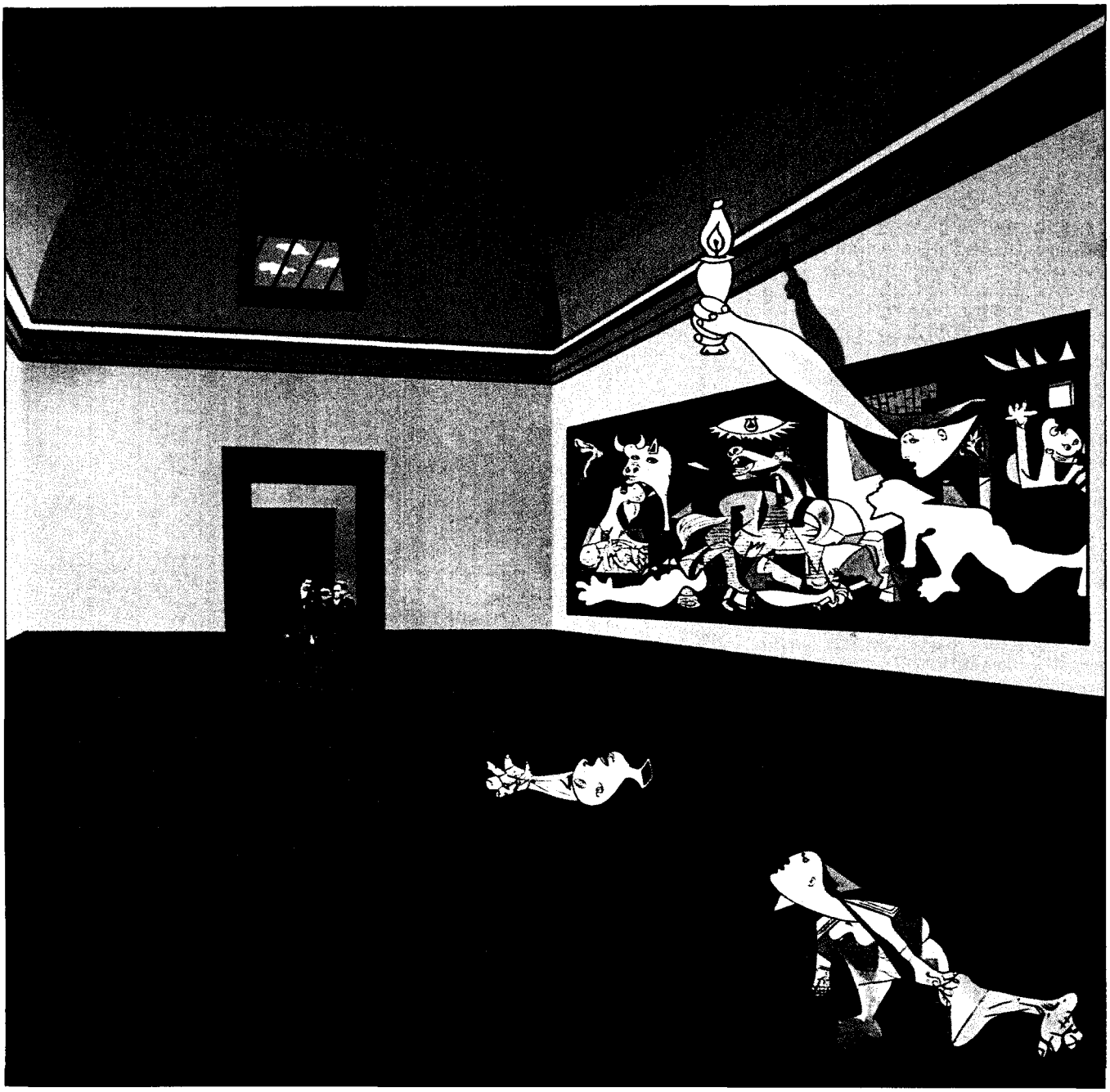
ON THE SPANISH EASEL

by Mary Louchheim Lieberthal

SPANISH art might be said to have had its beginnings in the prehistoric caves of Altamira. The same might be said of contemporary Spanish art. In 1948, when there were stirrings of avant-garde tendencies among some of the younger artists in Spain, a group gathered there and chose the name "School of Altamira." The first of a number of such groups, it drew up a manifesto that said in part: "We believe that the Painter of Altamira was a classicist, if we understand classicism as the capacity to unite, efficaciously, lines and volumes so that they live expressive for an incorruptible eternity. . . ."

Understandably, the language of the new school was murky, guarded, severe, and nationalistic. Spain's artistic sensibility had long been tempered in adversity. Franco's government tended to equate anything avant-garde with Communism, and anyone who used language carelessly ran the risk of physical attacks by vigilantes or even an army court-martial.

Barcelona's Dau al Set, a group that was formed in the same postwar year as the School of Altamira, was influenced by surrealism, although it also responded to the developments of the Art Informal movement in France. Gradually, it evolved into a kind of abstract expressionism that became known in Spain as "informalism."



Equipo Crónica, "Guernica in Spain," 1970. Lucio Muñoz collection, Madrid

The Chronicle Team's "Guernica in Spain"—"They used pop allusions to mock the Franco government."

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Whatever their directions, these groups, and others that followed, reflected the gradual diminution of Spain's cultural aloofness. By the 1950s, the Franco government relented somewhat, and under the guise of mild liberalization, it commenced to promote the more promising vanguard artists. Spanish contributions were rewarded with resounding success. Yet the restrictions continued on what might be shown *inside* Spain, as they did on the right of Spaniards, artists as well as other citizens, to travel abroad.

In the 1960s there was a further acceleration of new styles and movements, some developing as a reaction against the recently established abstract styles; others, influenced by American pop art. Political and social frustrations were now expressed more sharply—but never without the protective guises of irony and sardonic humor.

In 1964, in the provincial town of Valencia, Rafael Solbés and Manuel Valdés, two young men fresh out of art school, formed the Equipo Crónica (Chronicle Team). On several occasions they used pop allusions to Picasso's "Guernica" to mock the Franco government.

Of the other artists who emerged in the Sixties, Antonio López-Garcia, one of the most prominent, is an anomaly. He is a realist who persisted in the face of the tumultuous success of informalism and who, after nearly 20 years, has triumphed. Unlike revived realism abroad, which was catalyzed by photography, the work of López-Garcia and the other Madrid-based realists was inspired by a desire to penetrate the commonplace, to find truths in the details of everyday scenes.

Spanish interest in Spanish art, as opposed to interest displayed by international circles, dates from the late Sixties, when a surge of buying escalated into speculation and the art market became a surrogate stock exchange.

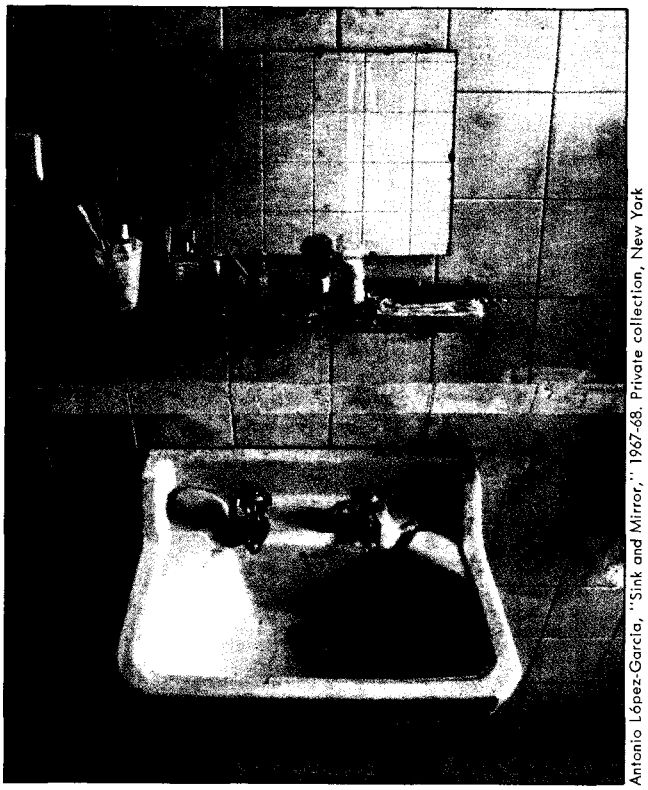
"The number of collectors has greatly increased since the opening in Madrid of Saskia-Sotheby," says Juan Antonio Perez-Ramirez, local director of Saskia-Sotheby, a Spanish branch of the London auctioneers. "Before we came, deals were made secretly and privately, thereby avoiding taxes."

Lately, with the election of a new government, the market has again turned weak. From the time the first free election was announced, a large part of Spanish capital began to make its way quietly—and illegally—into Swiss banks as protection against a coup or violence. Should the new government prove stable and should Spain's application to the Common Market be accepted, art may well revive.

If sales have for reasons of political uncertainty turned soft, there is no lessening of the ardor of artists. The names that sparkle include those of Gerardo Aparacio, of Madrid, and Francesc Torres and Aurelia Muñoz, both of Barcelona. Aparacio's scenes are mysterious, covertly political, and Kafkaesque. His "Organic Vivisection" can suggest anything from a nightmarish dream to political brutality. Torres, only twenty-nine, seems more of an iconoclast, perhaps because of years lived in New York and Paris. A recent installation, shown in Barcelona last year, called "Everybody's House (Is Burning)," required him to decorate an abandoned bunker with normal middle-class furniture, then burn it and exhibit the charred remains.

By contrast, Aurelia Muñoz works in textiles, a strong Catalan tradition, creating large, bold tapestries from available crude materials—jute, esparto grass, and other fibers.

While private galleries have proliferated, at the moment only the government and a few major foundations are acquiring art. Juan March, a wealthy industrialist, expressed his gratitude to the Franco regime in the form of a cultural center, the Juan March Foundation. This Frick-like building in Madrid features Spanish artists.



Antonio López-García, "Sink and Mirror," 1967-68. Private collection, New York

López-Garcia's "Sink and Mirror"—"Persistent realist."

The recently inaugurated renovation of the Plaza de Colón (Columbus Square) proffers an extravagant monstrosity in the "modern" style—three great hulks of abstract rock meant to represent Columbus's ships. Beneath the plaza is a large public art gallery, but just what sort of work will be shown there is anybody's guess. There are already more public exhibition spaces in the city than can be filled with worthwhile things, and the Museum of Contemporary Art has proved to be a dismal failure dedicated to the best-forgotten artists of the past.

It would be a mistake to interpret the Spanish political scene in terms of Franco oppression on the one hand and a democratic freedom on the other. When artists have functioned for a period of time under certain constraints and have developed styles and techniques in response to them, the loss of these limits can cause a sense of drift and distress. Such appears to be the case with many artists now. After years of finding ways around censorship, they are in the position of saying pretty much what they wish. That has thrown many off-balance, depoliticized others.

In the nearly 30 years since the gathering of the new school at Altamira, Spain has turned both upside down and right side up. Spanish artists have triumphed abroad and at home, yet they have remained surprisingly insular and conservative. Tourism, economic solicitations, and the trends of international art have more than touched Spain, but Spain remains untouchable. Despite excitement engendered by the democratization, new fashions in artistic expression appear more and more like transformations or memories of the old. ◉

Mary Louchheim Lieberthal is a free-lance curator and art critic. She was recently in Spain to evaluate the artistic scene.

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by Lisl Stedronski Harper

In all things, the Catalans, who occupy the northeast corner of Spain, the sea on one side, the French on the border, are devout separatists. They speak their own language, fly their own flag, and now, as hoped, they will be governed—as they once were—by their own lawmakers.

It is only natural that they evolved their own kitchen, one that produces masterpieces that quiver with garlic. Garlic whole, garlic shredded, garlic mashed, and garlic in forms unimagined make this pungent bulb the touchstone of the Catalan table. Until the last century no breakfast was complete without a baguette—crisp bread smeared with oil, salt, and crushed garlic. With that on the tongue, Catalans went out each morning to face the world.

There is no hard evidence that the world, catching wind of an approaching Catalan, faced the other way, forcing these peoples into a separatist posture that resulted in a language, a flag, and an ethos apart from the rest of Spain.

Catalonia's ships once contested with those of Genoa and Venice for domination of the Mediterranean. Its fleet once controlled Sardinia and Sicily and wrenched most of Greece from the Byzantine Empire, but no such expansionism stirs the Catalan soul today. Its ships are content to bring home such treasures—temporal, but as appreciated, as mussels, squid, octopus, lobster, and shrimp.

In Barceloneta, the port district of Barcelona, the restaurants back up to the beach. The women are the cooks, working huge coal ranges, producing *zarzuela de mariscos*, literally an "operetta" of lobster, crayfish, shrimp, mussels, crab, hake, and an untranslatable piscatory species called *rape*. ("Rape with mushrooms," appearing on some Catalan menus, can be unsettling to the uninitiated.)

Suquet de peix is a fish soup with chunks of cod, hake, and tuna, and bits of lobster, crayfish, shrimp, and mussels—a stew seething with the historic fragrances derived from encounters with Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths, Moors, and French, all in the long ago.

The *parillada*, grilled fish and shellfish, is served with *all i oli*, a mayonnaise blue with garlic. Sometimes *salsa romesco*, a hot pepper sauce from Tarragona, is added.

Modern Catalan cuisine was codified in 1324 by one Pedro Felip, a Catalan chef in the service of the English king. His book, *Llibre de Sain Sovi*, was written in English and only translated into Catalan in the sixteenth century. But in it were most of the great dishes of the region that are prepared today. Felip exemplified one of the abiding tenets of the Catalan kitchen: Waste nothing. Today in one of the narrow alleys off the Rambla de los Estudios in Barcelona, only the sign of the cock identifies a nameless restaurant where one can order *pollo al ajillo*—bits of chicken wings, necks, and backs, with garlic. In the kitchen, visible from the restaurant's long, narrow single room, an elderly woman prepares the dish, a favorite of the impoverished actors, writers, and singers who are the faithful customers. The chicken bits are dipped into flour, seasoned with garlic and fried, then sprinkled with parsley—scraps rendered ambrosial.

Barcelona's immense San José market, on the Rambla de las Flores, is a painting in food. The market people fashion artistic arrangements of fruits, vegetables, meat, or fish. Even the lowly potato is arranged in great pyramids according to size, the top perhaps crowned with an open head of escarole displaying its spiky leaves, faint yellow inside and dark green outside, all mingling pleasingly with the dark brown of the potatoes.

The deftness with which the fish vendor will clean, gut, skin, and fillet a *lenguado*—sole—or prepare a *calamar*—squid—and cut it into bite-size pieces for *calamares* would be the envy of a surgeon. The market women fill paper cones with strawberries from Calella, each layer separated by big leaves to preserve the delicious fruit and to protect its taste.

Bacalao—dried cod—is one of the great staples of Iberian cooking. The Catalans bring to it their originality. Since the fish must be soaked for 24 hours before cooking, menu-planning is solved by the Catalan markets. Special fish shops are fitted with long marble counters containing shallow indentations in which the fish soak.

A housewife who decides to have *butifarra amb mongetes*—sausage with white beans—has only to step down a few paces to find another stall with big round washtubs full of every kind of bean, either soaked and ready for cooking or already cooked. And should paella be on her menu, a further stall will yield cooked green peas and red pimientos sold in the tiny amounts needed for decoration. Inherent Catalan frugality dictates that even the smallest can of peas would be too much.

Enjoying this or any other market means eating at one of the small restaurants that cater essentially to market people but have been discovered by the world outside. At Ventura, in Barcelona, one has to elbow past a bar filled with hungry laborers deeply involved with their *escudella i carn d'olla*—a hearty stew of beef, chicken, pork, bacon, smoked ham, sausages, chick-peas, potatoes, turnips, rice, and noodles—to attain the proper restaurant in the rear. There, in a windowless room decorated with art nouveau plaster statuary, sit the impeccably attired professional and business people from the environs. The diners are separated by class perhaps, but all Catalans have a penchant for fresh food, and the market, after all, is just across the street.

For the experienced gourmet, Catalonia's snails—called *caracoles*—are a local delicacy. The best are said to be gathered in the *huertas*, family garden plots where they feed on tender vegetables. The famous Barcelona restaurant, Los Caracoles, has become the city's prime *restaurante típico*. Balcony tables offer one of the world's most fascinating culinary spectacles, for, from an upstairs seat, one overlooks the colorful kitchen where sweating cooks and waiters shout and scream as orders are filled. *Caracoles* in garlic sauce are, of course, the restaurant's predictable specialty, but they have little in common with the escargot of France.

In Catalonia, nothing is quite the same as it is anywhere else. Anybody who starts the day with a baguette smeared with oil and smashed garlic has to view the world from a singular perspective. ◉

The square oven dish holds besugo al forn, *a bass baked with lemons, tomatoes, onions, olive oil, and five garlic cloves. The sausage nestling among the white beans in the oval saucepan is* butifarra amb mongetes, *a garlicky wurst.* Pollos en xanfaina, *in round dish, lower left, is chicken seething in a mix of eggplant, green pepper, zucchini, onions, nutmeg, and bay leaves. A pâté rests, at right.*

A Viennese by birth, Lisl Stedronski Harper is married to an American diplomat posted in Spain. A cook of some celebrity, she is at work on The Diplomat Cookbook.

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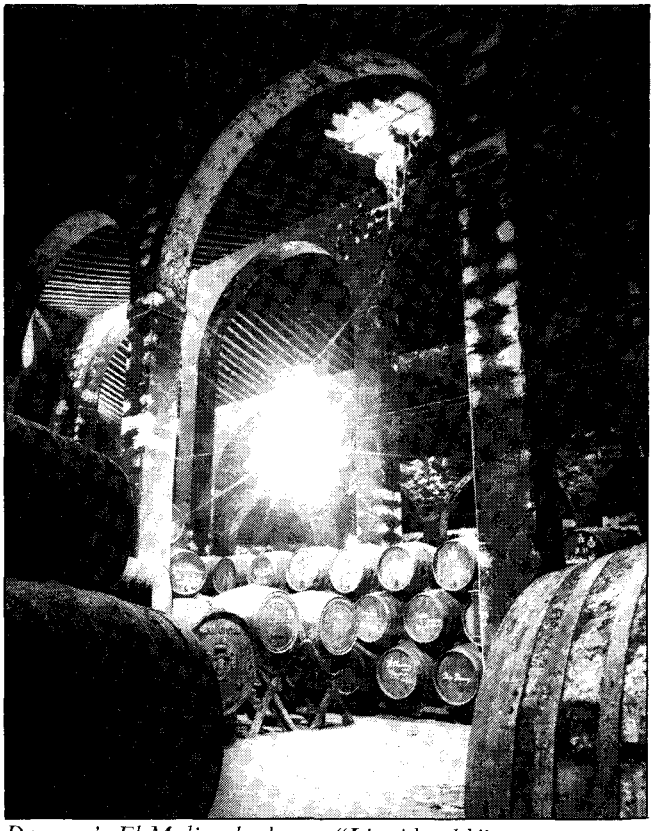
SHERRY FLIP



Domecq's El Molino bodega—"Liquid gold."

by Eunice Fried

LIKE other towns in this southwestern corner of Spain, Jerez de la Frontera is ancient and Andalusian—full of whitewashed buildings, wrought iron balconies, narrow old alleys, open plazas, palm trees, palaces, and traces of its Moorish and medieval ancestries. But it, apart from the others, is built on a legend of liquid gold.

It is bright and clean and prosperous; hot and dusty on summer afternoons, cool and silky at night. It has one of the oldest railroads in Europe, built in 1827 (and an airport built only last year), and it is famous in the region for breeding Arabian horses, fighting bulls, and powerful families.

Still, there would be little reason to seek it out—and few unsuspecting tourists do—if it weren't for one special distinction. Jerez is the center of the sherry world, and as such, it is home to one of the glories of Spain.

Andalusians like to say, "There is Andalusia, and there is Jerez." And if Jerez—which is, after all, part of Andalusia—is indeed different, it is because sherry flows in its veins. Sherry is the lifeblood of this town, nurturing the economic well-being of nearly 90 percent of the population; and the town, in turn, is the soul of the sherry industry.

Jerez—which is 10 miles from the Mediterranean Sea, a few miles more from the port of Cádiz, and about 75 miles south of Seville—and two nearby coastal towns—El Puerto de Santa María to the southeast and Sanlúcar de Barrameda to the northwest—form the three corners of a rough triangle. Within this triangle can be found most of the major vineyards of sherry—set on cushiony hills of gray-white, chalky *albariza* soil that is striped with vines, topped with grape press buildings, and surrounded by fields burned golden in the long and rainless summer.

Within the three small towns of the triangle, in the cathedral-high bodegas, or wineries, all the true sherry of the world is produced. There are more than a thousand bodegas throughout sherry country. Of these, about two dozen account for all the great names of sherry: González Byass, of Tío Pepe fame; Pedro Domecq, best known for La Ina; Sandeman, with its symbol of the silhouetted, black-caped don; Williams & Humbert, which makes Dry Sack; Harvey's, famous for Bristol Cream—to name a few of the most popular in this country.

But while sherry has partisans far beyond Spain, Jerezanos remain their own best customers. *Copitas*—small, elongated, tapered glasses—are filled day and night. "I take one sherry at eleven o'clock so that I may take eleven at one o'clock," the locals are fond of saying.

It is a liquid that flows golden—from the palest white-gold shades of light, dry manzanillas and finos to the antique gold of nutty amontillados, the brown gold of rich olorosos, and the deep, opaque shades of sweet creams.

All sherry is unique in being the product of the solera system, a process in which a young wine is blended with a slightly older wine of the same type and characteristics, and that one is blended with a still older one. This blending continues down through a number of scales and for a number of years to create a wine that is always the same and that is as good as the oldest wine of the system. Long before the wine enters the solera system, sherry is subjected to another singularity: the mysterious process that makes one cask of new sherry develop as a light-bodied fino and another as a full-bodied oloroso; it remains one of nature's most elusive secrets.

But there is nothing elusive about sherry's meaning to the town of Jerez and nothing mysterious about the festival held there each September. It is the Fiesta de la Vendimia Jerezana, the feast of the grape harvest, and it is the Jerezanos' way of paying homage to God, the grape, and Bacchus.

Beginning some days before the weekend nearest to September 8, the feast day of the Nativity of Our Lady, it is the most spectacular wine celebration in the world, a bacchanalia of parades, fairs, garden parties, horse shows, religious ceremonies, coronations, fireworks, and music. Everywhere, anywhere a guitar can be plucked, the *Sevillana* erupts in spontaneous outbursts of strutting, clapping, stamping, and clicking.

Dinners are held in bodegas against a background of thousands of casks of aging sherry, around swimming pools, on lawns, and in the palatial homes of the sherry families, those people with names like González and Domecq who have English accents, English tailors, and a penchant for marrying each other.

One evening, Jerezanos jam the small bullring for an all-night, flood-lit orgy of flamenco guitar and song and sherry-drinking. This year, when the crowd poured out just before dawn, they left behind more than 20,000 empty bottles of fino.

Three days later, the town fills the ring again, this time

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leaving the center free for its usual habitués—*matadors, picadors, banderilleros,* and bulls.

As Sunday nears, the pace quickens. Guests come to dinner and stay till dawn. The click of castanets is as steady as a heartbeat. The fair never closes. The music never ends. Children swarm. Sherry flows. The sky changes from blue to black to blue. But the party goes on. There is no time to sleep.

JEREZ'S history began about 3,000 years ago, when the Phoenicians established the settlement of Xera in or near the present Jerez. After the Phoenicians, the site was temporary home to, among others, Greeks, Romans, Vandals, Visigoths, and Moors. With each new group of settlers came a new name, for a total of nearly 57 varieties. The Moors called it Scheres. The Spaniards spelled it Jerez. The English pronounced it Jerries, then Sherries, and finally, in the early 1600s, Sherry. Jerez's suffix, de la Frontera, was granted in the fourteenth century to honor its struggle as a frontier town against wars, plagues, floods, and famines.

Today, it is a peaceful settlement of banks, bars, and bodegas. The preponderance of banks attests to the wealth that sherry has brought to Jerez. The bars reflect its social life and habits. For a population of 150,000, Jerez needs 600 bars. In all of them, Jerezanos support the native product and the national habit—sherry and tapas, those bits of food served on small oval platters in a thousand and one variations.

At the tiny Nuevo Bar, with its three tables, Pepe Agarrado and Angela Rosada Torres put out braised beef cooked in garlic, onion, and bay leaf; minute, whole fried fish; squid; tiny clams in marinara sauce; and deep-fried *pijota,* or hake.

An old arcade away, El Colmado dishes out squid cooked in its own ink, chopped tentacles soaked in bread and flavored with garlic, and kidneys and fried potatoes. Other bars specialize in Spanish omelets, pork chops cooked in sherry, fried sardines, or snail soup. As far as the Jerezanos can tell, no one—not even the most dedicated marathon crawler—has succeeded in sampling the town's every bar, let alone its every tapa.

The complete meal editions of Jerez's cuisine can be found chiefly in soup, seafood, and dessert. Andalusia is the birthplace of gazpacho, the chilled liquid salad that came to Spain with the Moors as "soaked bread" and that now has more versions than Carmen had lovers.

Seafood, Andalusian style, is at its best in Tendido 6, across from the bullring. Try the newly hatched white eels; *urta roteña,* a local fish; and *rape,* another local fish that, uncannily, tastes like lobster.

Egg whites are used by the tens of thousands in sherry country to clarify the wine. Hence, Jerez's desserts are mostly inventions born of necessity, egg yolk-based concoctions known by such names as "heavenly bacon" and "nun's delight."

La Venta de los Naranjos—on the road to Sanlúcar and about a $4 taxi ride from Jerez—is a modest place, with plastic tablecloths and a superb kitchen. So, too, is La Venta Millan, in El Puerto de Santa María.

The bodegas where the wine is produced outline Jerez, their Gothic arches reaching heavenward as though invoking paens to the great god Sherry. Each of the major bodegas produces a line that ranges from dry aperitif to sweet dessert sherries, and all of the bodegas welcome visitors at other than fiesta time. Sherry people, among the most hospitable in the world, ask that you write or call in advance so they can plan your visit and tasting. The best hours to go are between 9:00 A.M. and 1:00 P.M., and a letter written to the particular bodega, Jerez de la Frontera, Spain, a week to 10 days in advance or a telephone call a few days before your arrival will guarantee you a personal greeting at the door and a tasting of more and better sherry than you are ever likely to encounter again.

Once they've tasted the joys of the bodegas, very few visitors stray far from them. But the town does offer some nonalcoholic delights: San Miguel Church, with its delicate isabelline carvings; San Dionisio, a church rich in Mudejar architecture—that style executed by Moors, who incorporated their own traditions into Christian buildings; the Alcázar, the old Moorish fortress now surrounded by gardens; and, about three miles outside of town, a beautiful Carthusian monastery with a honey-colored baroque facade.

Jerez is not a resort town and fine hotels are few. The best is the relatively new Hotel Jerez, with Hotel Capele running a distant second. El Puerto de Santa María, about a 20-minute ride from Jerez, has Hotel Meliá Caballo Blanco; and Arcos de la Frontera, a small nearby town on top of a rocky hill, has Casa del Corregidor, one of a group of old castles, fortresses, and convents in Spain that have been reborn as *paradores.*

For an American wine lover, Jerez is a kind of homecoming. Christopher Columbus went to Andalusia at the end of the fifteenth century. When he sailed from there in 1492 with those three small ships, he had a total of 88 men, most of them unwilling sailors from the sherry towns, and, to keep the possibility of mutiny at a minimum, large supplies of wine from Jerez. Thus, sherry, or at least its fifteenth-century predecessor, was America's first imported wine.

Some years later, in 1620, when sherry had become practically a staple of England and ships carrying casks of it plied a continuous course between Andalusia and that country, one of the sherry ships was bought and given a change of name, course, and cargo. It became the *Mayflower,* crossed the Atlantic, and delivered the Pilgrims to Plymouth.

On Sunday, the *vendimia* ends. At the sixteenth-century Colegiata Cathedral there is a benediction mass to bless the new harvest. Then, on the church steps, the harvest queen and her attendants empty wicker trays of grapes into the *lager,* a rectangular wooden winepress. Four men dressed in white shorts and hobnailed boots begin to trample the fruit. As the first juice begins to trickle through the spout of the press, the priest tastes it. "*Venga el mosto!*" he proclaims. And with that signal, *copitas* of sherry are passed through the crowd. The band strikes up. The choir bursts forth. The bells of the tower ring. Dozens of pigeons are released, and the sky is filled with these birds who will fly across Spain to carry the message: another sherry harvest has begun.

In the evening, there is the last Saturnalia until the next harvest, the last *copita* of sherry. Until the next day. ◉

A contributing editor to Vintage *and head of the Wine Writers' Circle, Eunice Fried has written for* Harper's Bazaar, House Beautiful, *and other magazines.*

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IBERIAN ISLANDS

1. The Azores

EVERY jet on the New York-Lisbon run whizzes high above them—these nine volcanic islands hurled from the deep across nearly 400 miles of open Atlantic. But few passengers bother to look down. And fewer still realize that the Azores lie only four hours east of Boston and that to land there is to be time-machined into turn-of-the-century Portugal, where oxcarts outnumber automobiles, where men still hand-till plots hedged with hydrangeas, where Easter erupts into a week-long frenzy of pageants, bullfights, and feasts.

A geographic anomaly, the Azores seem to have been fused out of a dozen disparate landscapes. Pico's snow-crested cone looks for all the world like Mount Fuji; the terraced tea plantations smack of Darjeeling; the brooding moors appear to have slivered off Scotland; and the crescent harbor at Angra do Heroísmo with its mini-Sugar Loaf amounts to a scaled-down Rio. There's a touch of Hawaii, too, about the pineapple plantations of São Miguel, not to mention the bubbling seismic cauldrons deep in the Furnas Valley. But the villages are pure Portugal—sugar cube houses roofed with red tile, sidewalks worked out in squiggly mosaics of black and white, gaudy fishing smacks lined up along the shore, flowers everywhere.

Oddly, reaching the Azores is easier than island-hopping among them. Santa Maria and Terceira are both linked to the States by jet (TAP or TWA), and the big island of São Miguel, where the archipelago's capital of Ponta Delgada is, lies only two and a half hours west of Lisbon (TAP). Inter-island flights? The vintage planes of SATA drone back and forth among these three islands and Faial. But getting to the remoter islands of São Jorge, Pico, Graçiosa, Corvo, and Flores involves a wallowing boat trip.

Why, you may wonder, does anyone visit the Azores? Weather's chancy, even in the sun-washed May-to-September season; the beaches lack the fine sand and gentle surf most Americans demand; the waters are too glacial for swimming; and the biggest cities (Ponta Delgada and Angra do Heroismo) are decidedly small-town, although neither wants for colorful bistros or folk art shops (fancifully carved whale ivory is the local specialty). If you crave a bouncy brand of night life, the Azores will bore you beyond belief. But if, on the other hand, you yearn for a never-never land where the people are few and the pressures even fewer, the islands will win you completely.

And you won't be forced to rough it. With the exception of Santa Maria, where the hotel was once a prefabricated World War II officers' club, there are small, comfortable three- and four-star hotels (30 to 50 rooms, with doubles in the $15-to-$20-a-day bracket, European plan). On São Miguel, it's Hotel de São Pedro, originally a merchant prince's nineteenth-century Georgian manor. Terceira offers three good choices: Hotel de Angra, Cruzeiro, and my own favorite, the Estalagem de Serretta (six rooms only), about 30 minutes out of Angra on a flower-strewn promontory overlooking the island of São Jorge. Although I haven't been to Faial, I've heard good reports of the Dom Pedro there.

For me, the Azores represent the ultimate in get-away-from-it-all spots. But then, I am perfectly content to hack along the back roads with camera and binoculars, to picnic beside a crater brimming with waters of pure sapphire, or to sit, as the Azoreans do, in a meticulously groomed public park, watching a rosebud unfold. —JEAN ANDERSON

A talented photographer as well as a writer, Jean Anderson writes on food and on travel for many magazines. Her new book, The Grass Roots Cookbook, *is due next week.*

2. Madeira

A VESTIGE of Atlantis? Some believe Madeira to be. Certainly, there's a legendary look to the land: lavender mists swirling about mile-high crags of viridian, rivers sluicing seaward through valleys of primeval lushness, oak-tall poinsettias blooming year-round with no special concession to Christmas.

Nicknamed "The Garden Island" by Cadamosto, the fifteenth-century Venetian explorer who visited Madeira shortly after the Portuguese colonized it, the island remains just that: an outsize rock garden of astonishing botanical diversity. Indeed, to climb the seven short miles from Funchal harbor to the island's lofty spine is to move from equatorial banana plantations through forests of evergreen to blustery moors massed with broom and heather. Remarkable when you consider that Madeira measures barely 35 miles by 13 and that the Canaries, directly south, are parched by the harsh hot breath of the Sahara.

What Madeira lacks in beaches (a few sorry stretches of gravel) it more than compensates for in climate. Along the south shore, where Funchal and the resort hotels lie, thermometer readings seem permanently stuck in the high 70s. Which is, of course, what prompted British physicians to send delicate Victorian ladies down for their health and what drove shiploads of winter-weary Europeans there year after year. Today, thanks to jets, Americans, too, are beginning to bask in the island's 12 months of June.

Madeira didn't catch up with the jet age until 1964. Its airstrip had to be hacked out of a mountain, and to be truthful, landing there *is* rather like putting down on an aircraft carrier. The gateway to Madeira—for Americans and Europeans alike—is Lisbon, and the only scheduled airline making the one-and-a-half-hour run is TAP, the airline of Portugal (several flights daily, about $90 round trip, economy).

In the old days *the* hotel was Reid's, a rambling 169-room Victorian resort set high on a promontory amid 11 acres of tropical gardens. But three new luxury hotels have risen to challenge it: the Madeira Sheraton (290 rooms), sandwiched in between Reid's and the Miami Beach-like Savoy; the 260-room Madeira Palacio, about 10 minutes out of town; and, adjoining Funchal's soon-to-open casino, the year-old, 400-room Casino Park, a futuristic affair designed by Oscar Niemeyer, whose architectural exploits in Brasília won him renown. (Doubles at any of these hotels run from about $45 a day, modified American plan.) Although it's closed at present for repairs, the bargain-priced mountaintop

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inn called Pousada dos Vinhaticos deserves mention, too. It's the ultimate country retreat.

The best food in Madeira is served at its hotels (notably Reid's Grill); still, a restaurant *típico* to seek out is the rustic A Seta, high above Funchal (try the *espetada*, laurel-scented, skewer-grilled chunks of beef and lamb).

Fine embroidered linens, wicker, and wine are the three best things to buy, and the best place to find them all, together with Portuguese pottery and tapestries, is Casa do Turista. Even so, a tour and a tasting at the Madeira Wine Association, smack in the center of Funchal, ought not to be bypassed.

As for sights, five will forever be hung up in my memory: the rollicking fishing village of Cámara de Lobos, where Winston Churchill liked to set up his easel; the dizzying sea cliff of Cabo Girão that towers 1,900 feet above the surf; the wickerwork center at Camacha; the hair-raising careen along the rugged north shore to Porto Moniz; and the razor-ridged emerald ravines of Ribeiro Frio, where cows are locked into cane cabanas lest they—literally—fall off the mountain. These, Madeirans will tell you, are the very essence of their island. —JEAN ANDERSON

Jean Anderson

Lava hedgerows separate farms in the Azores—"A scaled-down Rio, a touch of Hawaii, moors slivered off Scotland."

3. The Balearics

MAJORCA, Minorca, Ibiza, and Formentera, all with their own personalities and all within easy sailing or flying distance of each other, float out there in the Mediterranean, 130 miles from Barcelona, high in scenic come-on, scalloped with marvelous beaches, and wallowing in a benign climate that few places on earth can beat. As the Fomento del Turismo de Mallorca archly puts it, the only snowfall is a February blizzard of almond blossoms.

It was inevitable that these islands should become resorts. For the most part—some overblown resort hotels notwithstanding—they have fared rather well. Most sunstruck Edens have lost their innocence to the slick high rise, the go-go strip, and the attempt to make the international tourist feel that he never left home—or Stockholm.

The Balearics, I rush to add, are not utterly innocent of trippers in too-short shorts, wall-to-wall bodies frying on the *playas*, neon lights, and girlie shows. But they offer, as well, plenty of stylish alternatives and a history so rich that it makes sight-seeing something to sink into when one tires of the sun. Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, and Byzantines were here. The Arabs, who commanded the islands for 500 years before Jaime I of Aragon ousted them in 1229, left their indelible imprint on everything from architecture to agriculture. Even the English and the French meddled in the stew from time to time. All this and Spain, too—Gothic, Renaissance, baroque, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Spain, which put her opulent stamp on churches, public buildings, and the mansions of her well-heeled grandees. A cultural plum cake, if ever there was one, and, not the least of it, the island people—good-natured, dignified, hospitable—and as great a Balearic attraction as those sunny skies and pellucid waters.

Jaime I ("Hymie Preemaro," as I like to think of him) has been something of a personal attachment of mine ever since

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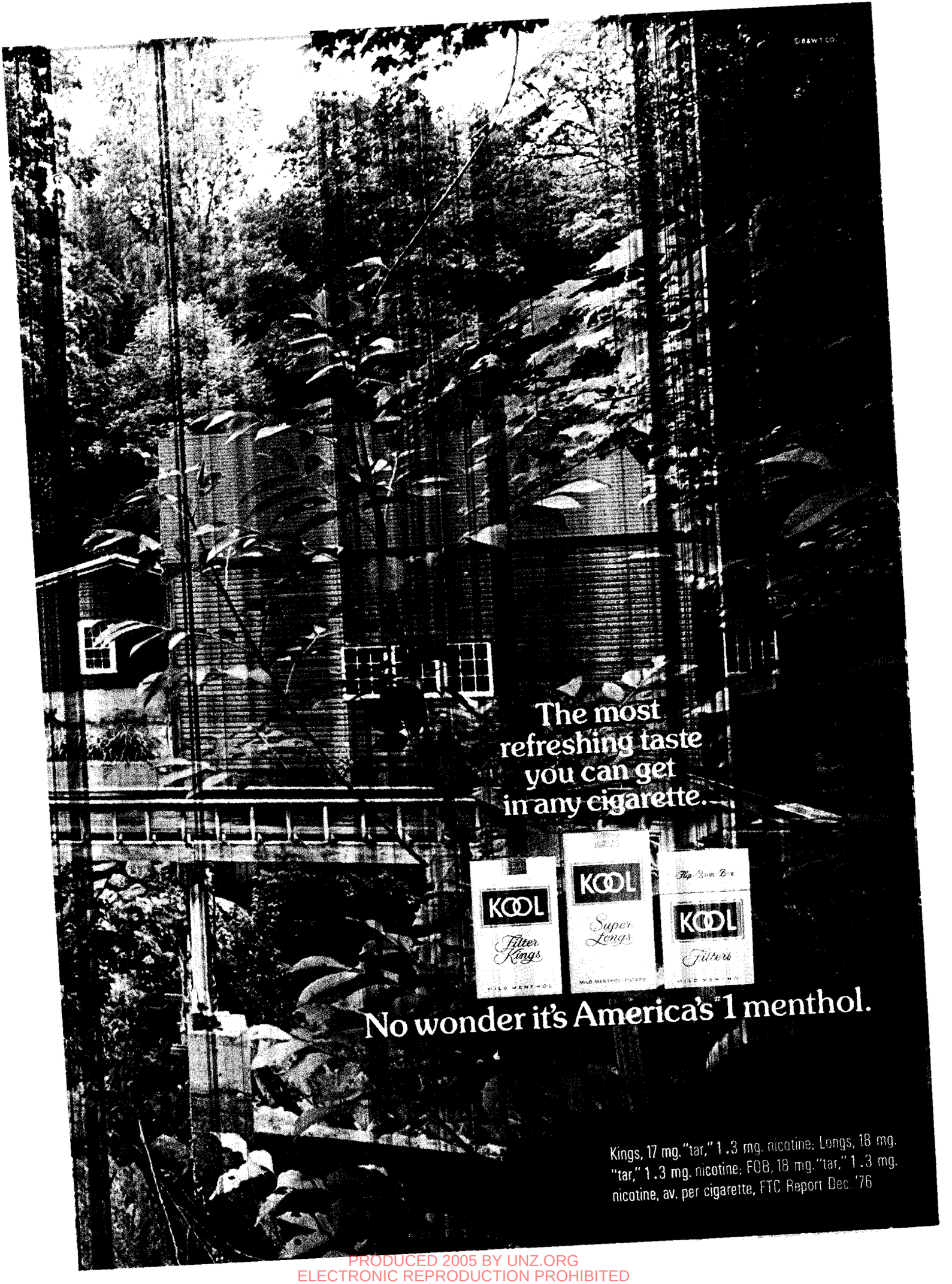

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Majorca first entranced me 20 years ago. He was the conquering Balearic hero whose works were legion—notably the fantastic thirteenth-century cathedral, riding like a tremendous Gothic ship of carved stone and stained glass over Palma, the big town, and its 13-mile-wide beach-scalloped bay. His name, which is attached to everything, was also attached to my first Palma hotel, now defunct, where the mattresses were filled with chopped cork and where two unmarked bedside cords either turned out the light or filled the outside corridor with a reverberating bell for room service. Bedtime, you may imagine, was uproarious.

Nowadays, you'll find no such pixilating endearments in Majorca's sophisticated hotels. The Spanish version of the Beautyrest, as well as lots of green marble bathrooms, prevails. I pay particular obeisance to the Hotel Victoria, on Palma's famous nine-mile strip of beach, and to Jaime Cortés, a rarity among hotel managers, who keeps himself in evidence and seems genuinely concerned about his guests. He has a nice Rolls Royce, and deserves it. While I was there, rumor had it that Queen Sofía and her mother, Queen Federica, were also there in mufti, while Juan Carlos was out in the harbor lowering the anchor on the royal yacht. The island is a favorite among yachtsmen, and the Spanish bon ton discreetly summers in the vacation villas, in the myriads of pine-shaded coves, or *calas*, that ripple around its shores. Costa de los Pinos, Formentor, and Cala Figuera have a certain cachet. And one gathers that no Spaniard feels decently married without a honeymoon in Majorca, and surely there are accommodations for every budget. On the posh side, where I'd be if I had my druthers, there's the Hotel Formentor, on the northernmost part of Majorca, an almost self-sufficient resort with pinewoods and manicured gardens descending to the bayside beach and, not incidentally, very good food. Name your diversion—swimming, skin diving, tennis, riding, boating—it's here.

On the outskirts of Palma, the Hotel Son Vida, in a 1,400-acre park of its own, is an elegant reconstruction of an old manor house, handsomely accoutered, with a visitors' book that reads like the *Almanach de Gotha*, the *Congressional Record*, and a listing of Academy Award winners. It has its own 18-hole golf course, riding stables, tennis courts, swimming pools—the luxe-loving vacationist's lot.

Palma itself, the sprawling modern city, may be one of those necessary evils, although its esplanade, the Paseo Maritimo, and its harbor are handsome. Every kind of restaurant from pizza joint to chop suey garden survives in the current resort town tradition. But, strange to say, a dusky restaurant called Bora Bora, where they comply with Polynesian maiden waitresses, mai tais and other drinks served in coconut shells, has excellent food, especially when it comes out of the local sea. And Tito's, the kind of nightclub restaurant that seems long since to have fled the American scene, can provide an evening of excellent entertainment.

Other than that, the old Moorish walled town of Palma is the city's distinction, small and walkable. Here is Jaime's magnificently lofty cathedral and the largest Gothic rose window ever. George and Frédéric stayed in a monastery at Valldemosa, birthplace of the "Raindrop Prelude"—which tells you that it sometimes rains in paradise. Their rooms are a Chopin museum, featuring the Pleyel piano he had sent down from Paris; and the cliff-hanger here is how they ever hoisted it over the cliffs, or, indeed, how they got any of the furniture up to his amorous aerie, which George wrote was "the most beautiful place that I have ever lived and one of the most beautiful places that I have ever seen."

Tourists head in procession to Manacor, the second largest city, which thrives on the manufacture of artificial pearls, their iridescence engineered by some clever manipulations of fish scales. Glass, blue-green and hand-blown, is another Majorcan specialty, interpreted in many ways: in tubular glasses for the omnipresent sherry, as lamp bases and chandeliers, even as stairway balusters.

For spelunkers, Majorca is a subterranean heaven. Major caves are Cuevas de Artá, Hams, and Drach—and, honestly, they are all quite different. My own favorite is Drach, the dragon cave; it seems more my size and it didn't seem a bit corny to me to sit in this netherworld darkness by an underground lake and listen to a concert played by musicians in boats that float across the water.

Majorcan cuisine is not *haute*, based as it is on the prolific produce of the land (they have three crops here). *Sopa de Mallorca* is a thick potage that puts its trust in cabbage, vegetables, and bread. *Sobreasada* is the local sausage, sometimes mixed with honey. Thanks to an excellent tomato crop, the local version of the Mediterranean ratatouille mixes tomato, squash, potato, and onion into a savory called *tumbet*. The popular native yeast cake, the *ensaemada*, is just a sugared sweet bun to me. I happen to have on hand a local cookbook in which I note two recipes that reflect a certain esoteric approach to cookery. One is *Tripitas de Tordo*—entrails of thrush; the other, I'm sorry to say, is *Frito de Ratas*—rat fry. But in fairness to the Majorcans, the writer makes clear that these are not your ordinary *ratas*, but nice little creatures of the field who feed on roots and berries. They are not available on the American market.

Sooner or later the traveler in Minorca will be told that this is where mayonnaise came from—stolen by the French from its mother-city, Mahón, which in turn was named for a Carthaginian general. Smaller than Majorca, the island is similar topographically, which means that wherever you are you're never far from a fine sandy beach. Twenty miles of idyllic shore stretch out from the big harbor of Mahón, alone. The harbor is three miles deep and utterly protected, which explains why it was fought over for centuries. Now it is yachtsmen who vie for berthing place.

Architecturally, Minorca has a certain tea-and-crumpets flavor, the imprint of the British, who ruled this roost for about 50 years. Finca San Antonio, where Admiral Nelson and Lady Hamilton lived for a spell, provides a piquant bit of sight-seeing, and there's an old British naval hospital on the harbor island of Del Rey. Not that you go to Spain to see England.

Little Ibiza, the brightest, whitest dazzler among dazzling-white islands, leapt into international fame when one of its expatriate inhabitants, Clifford Irving, made some sorry headlines. The Ibizans don't thank him. But he was only one of many writers, artists, and escape hatch seekers charmed into living here by its picturesque ambience, golden climate, and what was once its faraway character—the very come-ons that attracted hordes of hippies in the early Sixties.

Here began the Ad Lib fashion, the droopy, old-lady-look dresses, the mixed bag, sloppy Joe attire affected by the young that seems to have spread throughout the world. The hippies have pretty much moved on, but the boutiques

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of Ibiza city carry on in the sartorial tradition, and famous denizens remain in their cosmopolitan legions—Vera (the American designer), Belmondo, Ursula Andress, Raquel Welch, the Vicomtesse de Ribes, come to mind—and they are joined continually by an equally cosmopolitan coterie of summer vacationers. It is interesting that the blond and blue-eyed Ibizans, whose Carthaginian and Phoenician heritages must include a these-things-shall-pass point of view, go on their way seemingly unaffected by the twentieth-century invasion—or maybe they're just used to invasions. In any case, in country villages the old women still braid their hair, beribbon the braid, tie a kerchief over their heads, and deck themselves out with the marvelous traditional gold-nugget necklaces and chain-dangling rings that might have been bequeathed to them by the Berber pirates who used to hide in these coves. Nudity—and there's plenty of it—seems to raise no eyebrows, except, perhaps, among visiting mainland Spaniards, who wonder what their formerly circumspect country is coming to.

In Ibiza, the popular hotels are the Torre del Mar and Los Molinos. Good restaurants: Grill San Rafael (los Catalanes), La Drasanetta, El Brasero, and El Portalón (a favorite of the king, one hears). Very in for cocktails this season are El Mono Desnudo and Clives. Four ascending restaurants terraced into the old town walls culminate at top in a restaurant and disco dedicated to gays. Discos do a big business, notably El Pachar, Glory's, Amnesia, and Club San Rafael. In Santa Eulalia, the chic stay at the Hotel Fenecia or the Cala Llonga, which purveys golf along with the usual *dolce far niente* resort enticements. At San Antonio Abad, it's the Nautilus or the Tanit. The local schnapps, derived from herbs, is *hierba Ibizenca*. The sabina tree covers the island and they say if you once whiff its scent, you'll return.

Formentera, 60 miles wide and blessed with remarkable white sand beaches, is still practically undeveloped as a resort. There are two hotels in the town of Formentera: La Mola and Formentera Playa. For the rest, it's guesthouses. If you go, you'll be the first on your block—for a while, anyhow, because the island is too secluded and unspoiled to remain as is for long. A sure sign you've been is the Formentera belt, a lovely piece of workmanship in leather, silver, and the agate found along the shoreline. —MARION GOUGH

Marion Gough is senior editor of House Beautiful.

4. The Canaries

THE Canaries, seven volcanic peaks rising out of the Atlantic less than 70 miles off the coast of North Africa, are one of the many paradoxes of modern Spain. The archipelago was conquered by Spain in 1496, following a century of sporadic campaigns against the fair-skinned Guanche inhabitants, who were then rapidly assimilated by the ethnic Spanish invaders.

Today the islands—a startling contrast of towering, snow-capped peaks, pine forests, subtropical jungle, sandy deserts, and black volcanic ash—are intensely Spanish, but with a difference.

Virtually ignored from the end of the conquest until the explosion of the tourist boom of the Sixties and Seventies, they are today a bewildering mixture of backwater and sophisticated resort, slumbering fishing villages and towering, air-conditioned hotels, subsistence agriculture and shops as chic as any in Paris or London.

There is hardly a region in Spain without its separatist movement, and the Canaries are no exception. The islands endure a minuscule organization with a title—the Movement for the Liberation and Independence of the Canary Archipelago—that is probably larger than its membership. But politics, aside from an occasional bomb carefully placed so as not to disturb the flow of tourists, hardly ripple the surface of these tranquil isles.

Tenerife is the largest and, with Gran Canaria, the most developed of the group. Dominated by the spectacular 12,250-foot Teide Peak, snow-covered throughout much of the year and Spain's highest mountain, Tenerife is a breathtaking sight as one approaches on the ferry from Gran Canaria. It offers contrasts more appropriate to a continent than to a relatively small island. Within minutes you descend from the frigid upper slopes of Teide into the lunar landscapes of the Saharan coastline. In between, a lush subtropical agricultural zone produces the famous tomatoes and bananas for which the islands are famous.

Side by side with the gleaming new hotels, the islanders continue an existence little altered for 500 years. Native crafts have been carefully preserved, and exquisite embroidery, pottery, and wickerwork can be had at ridiculously low prices.

As with all islands, the cuisine is based on fish. From giant tuna gutted in open factories on the wharf to the tiny *pulpos* (octopuses) cooked in their ink, everything is available. And almost all of it is served with a local hot sauce, the ubiquitous *mojo picón*. Another island specialty is *potage de berros*, a watercress soup flavored with a mélange of herbs native to the islands.

Although all the islands are modernizing at a breathtaking pace, Gran Canaria still boasts one of the most fascinating old quarters in Spain, in the Vergueta district, with its narrow streets, fortifications, small *tabernas*, and quiet squares. It is also the most sophisticated of the island group, with more discotheques, restaurants, hotels—and tourists—than the others combined.

One of the archipelago's great attractions is its diversity. Thus Lanzarote is a blasted landscape of newly erupted craters, a terrifying spectacle of catastrophe on the edges of which the inhabitants calmly continue to survive. And yet here, where camels still walk and islands grow poinsettias in black ash, the new Las Salinas hotel, a five-star wonder, is ready to take 590 guests. On the four less well-known islands —Fuerteventura, Las Palmas, Gomera, and Hierro—it is still possible to escape into another era of tranquillity.

Above all, the islands are permeated with a sense of history. The fabled Atlantis of the Greeks, as sources say, kick-off point for Columbus's first voyage to America, crossroads of Europe, Africa, and the New World, they offer a superb introduction to the contrasts of modern, democratic Spain.

—EDWARD MCGHEE

Edward McGhee is the nom de plume of a novelist long based in Spain. His last book, The Chinese Ultimatum, *was written with Robin Moore.*

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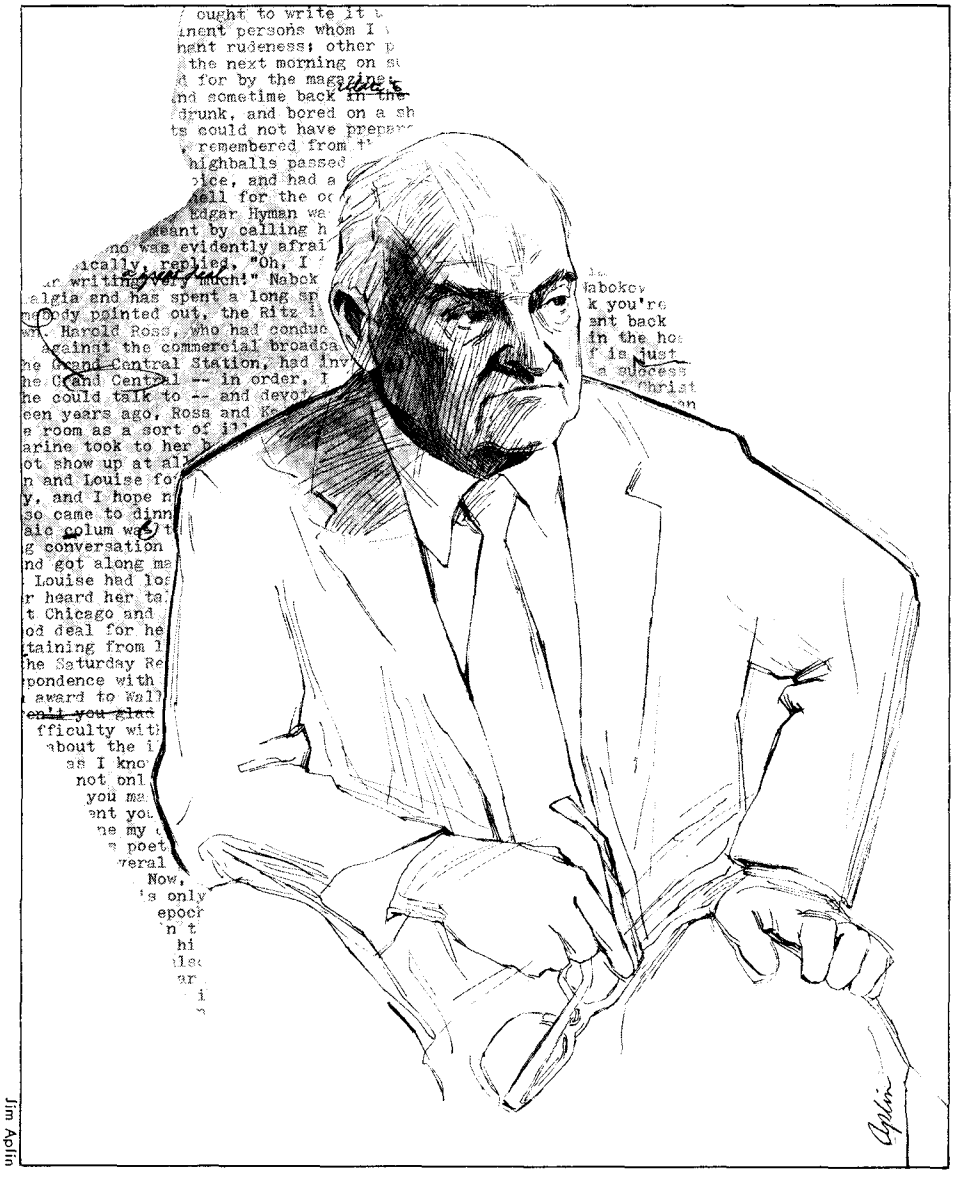
Old Doc Wilson



Jim Aplin

Letters on Literature and Politics: 1912–1972
by Edmund Wilson
Selected and edited by Elena Wilson
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 768 pp., $20

Reviewed by Malcolm Cowley

FIVE YEARS after his death, Edmund Wilson holds firmly to his place as the foremost American critic of our time. There have been grumblings at many of his judgments; there has been angry talk about his limitations, chiefly in critical theory; but nobody else has laid claim to his seat at the head of the table. This collection of his *Letters on Literature and Politics: 1912–1972*, capably edited by his widow, Elena Wilson—with advice from Daniel Aaron and Leon Edel—reaffirms his ghostly but substantial presence there.

More than that, the letters reveal some aspects of Wilson's character that had not been clearly apparent in other books. One of those aspects was his lifelong devotion to his friends. In the beginning, they were friends he made at the Hill School or at Princeton, and particularly those who wrote for *The Nassau Lit* during the brilliant year when he was editor in chief: F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Peale Bishop, Stanley Dell. Later, in New York, his circle also included young writers from Yale (Phelps Putnam), from Vanderbilt (Allen Tate), and even one from Harvard (John Dos Passos)—though Wilson had written after a first visit to Cambridge that "Harvard is a helova place, and I wouldn't go to college there for money." Still later, there were women friends, notably the poet Louise Bogan and the novelist Dawn Powell. He was always slow to welcome either men or women into his intimate circle, but once they had been accepted by the part of him that served as an admissions committee, he was most often slower still to let them go. Almost all those whose names I mentioned kept receiving letters from him until they died. Each death was a blow to Wilson, and especially that of Fitzgerald. "Men who start out writing together," he wrote to Bishop a few days later, "write for one another more than they realize till somebody dies."

"Writing together" is a significant phrase. For Wilson, the advancement of literature—something he regarded as the central aim of his life—was in great part a collaborative venture. His friends, if they had talent, were to be enlisted in a broad campaign against the Philistines. Continually he urged and bullied them into producing more words and better words, then into getting the words published. Thus, as early as 1919, he wrote to Fitzgerald, exhorting him to contribute a new sort of story to a collection that Wilson was planning to edit: "No *Saturday Evening Post* stuff, understand! clear your mind of cant! brace up your artistic conscience, which has always been the weakest part of your talent! . . . Concentrate in one short story a world of tragedy, comedy, and beauty!!! I await your manuscript with impatience."

That was a youthful outburst, with a touch of self-ridicule, but Wilson continued his exhortations long after he had become a respected critic and editor. In 1929 he urged Bishop to come back from Europe: "I believe now that the principal reason

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why you haven't gotten it [Bishop's work] into more satisfactory shape is that you haven't been over here to be encouraged and spurred on by association with your fellow writers and—what is perhaps most important of all—to market your own productions." In 1933 he told Fitzgerald, "Now is your time to creep up on Hemingway." In 1936 he wrote to Putnam, who had failed to complete a long poem, "What the hell's the matter with you, you old fraud?—why don't you produce some literature? Haven't you heard about that one talent which is death to hide?"

Not only did Wilson exhort his friends to write but he also offered them subjects, read their manuscripts if requested (but only if they were very good friends), and submitted their work to editors as an unpaid literary agent. In his favorite role of Old Doc Wilson, he offered advice about their private lives. If the friends had nervous breakdowns, as happened too often in the 1930s, he tried to cheer them with books and visits and sympathetic letters. I was impressed by a 1931 letter to Louise Bogan, then in Bloomingdale's sanatorium, because it expressed Wilson's feeling of obligation not only to friends but to the world. The letter reads in part:

Dear Louise: I'm terribly sorry you've been in a bad state—I sympathize profoundly, having been there myself. But it is an excellent thing to go to bed on these occasions. . . .

These are times of pretty severe strain for anybody, to lapse into a vein of editorial generalization. . . . Still, we have to carry on, and people like you with remarkable abilities, even though they're more highly organized nervously than other people, are under a peculiar obligation not to let this sick society down. . . . The only thing we can really make is our work. And deliberate work of the mind, imagination, and hand, done, as Nietzsche said, "notwithstanding," in the long run remakes the world.

I don't want to present Wilson as a paragon of kindness and dutifulness, but those qualities were part of the picture. Some less appealing sides of it were revealed two years ago in *The Twenties*, a book compiled from his notebooks and diaries. Much of the book was concerned with his sexual adventures, which he reported as unfeelingly as if he were an ethologist jotting down notes on the behavior of chimpanzees. There is not much

Malcolm Cowley succeeded Edmund Wilson as literary editor of the New Republic *in 1930. Cowley's latest book,* And I Worked at the Writer's Trade, *will be published by Viking next spring.*

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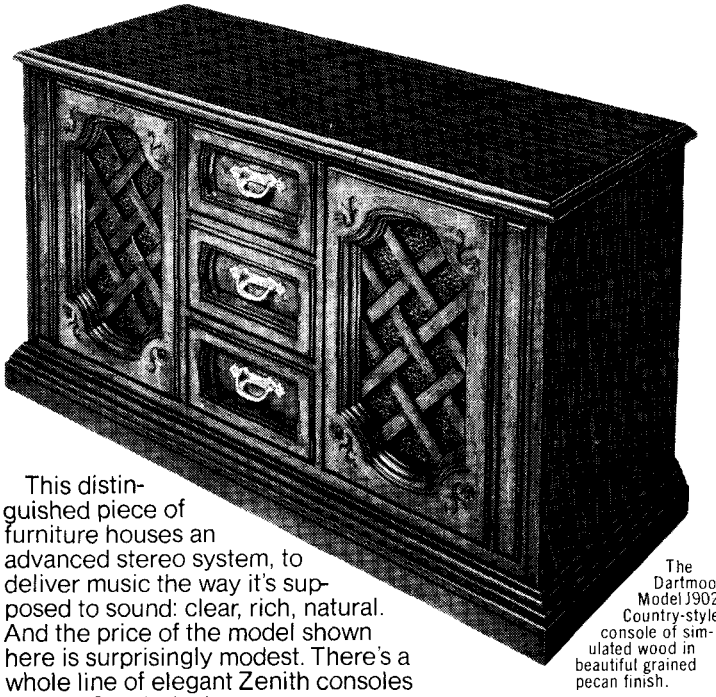

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sex in the *Letters on Literature and Politics*, and the collection rather gains by the omission. Sex he observed with a cold eye, but he revealed a warm heart to his friends.

Most of the friends—as long as the older ones survived—were men and women of the Twenties, like Wilson himself. He remembered the Twenties as the good time "when people mixed art and literature with their liquor." "The Twenties over here," he wrote to a young Englishwoman, "were quite different from the crops that have come since—the Depression has made the difference, because it cut down money and freedom and inhibited people in various ways. I find that I can only talk comfortably with the writers of my own era—am always shocking others or seeming frivolous to them."

Talk was vastly important to Wilson; that is another aspect of his personality revealed in this book. He talked uncommonly well, often in periodic sentences that were effective, if unpolished, and that could have been printed without revision (though Wilson, a born revisionist, would have insisted on correcting them). "You see, it's this way" was a phrase he often used before expounding a book or a theory. When there was nobody to listen, he wrote letters to his friends. Thus, he spent the summer of 1925 at the house presided over by his mother, who was deaf. "I hope you will forgive these rambling letters," he told Stanley Dell at the time, "—they are the product of the unpeopled solitude in which I live. Having, as a rule, nobody to talk to at the highball hour, I have formed the habit of pouring it all into my correspondence to avoid the necessity of talking to myself." Except when dealing with business matters, as writers often have to do, the letters in this volume have the quality of lively and opinionated conversation at the highball hour, sometimes continuing late into the night.

The letters also confirm one's feeling that Wilson started out with an unusual store of intellectual energy. He had opinions on everything. Especially in the early days, he kept inventing new subjects for himself or others to write about. Later, he somewhat reduced the number of his inventions but chose bigger projects for himself and showed exceptional persistence in carrying them through. *To the Finland Station* involved an immense amount of reading in four languages and took him eight years to write and revise. *Patriotic Gore*, his book about Civil War literature, required even more reading, if only in a single language; he worked on it, with interruptions, from 1947 until it was published in 1962. It was to be the last of his immense undertakings, but in his late sixties, he carried out some smaller ones, including a survey of recent Canadian literature that appeared as a book in 1965. Meanwhile, he studied Hungarian (after having learned to read Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, Russian, and Hebrew), and he adopted a program "of getting through, before I die, all the celebrated books that I haven't read." With his obstinate energy, he also went back to his own earlier work, "revising and republishing everything I think is worth saving."

He was, however, feeling the effects of age while fighting against them. In the spring of 1965 he wrote to a friend on Cape Cod, "We're coming up to Wellfleet for the weekend, May 7–9, when I'll be seventy years old: it depresses me. I alternately think that I've had it and might as well call it a day, and that I must go into training and make an effort to accomplish a good deal more." He made the effort, once again, and these letters make us, in turn, feel that there was something heroic in the accomplishments, against physical odds, of his last few years.

In April 1970 he wrote to Dos Passos, "Actually, since I have left the hospital [after his first coronary] I have been having a most enjoyable life: bed moved downstairs to the study, so that I only have to crawl from the bed to the writing table." He was then working on *Upstate*, an account of the stone house in Talcott-

Two Poems by Robert Penn Warren

Code Book Lost

What does the veery say, at dusk in shad-thicket?
There must be some meaning, or why should your heart stop

As though, in the dark depth of water, Time held its breath,
While the message spins on like a spool of silk thread dropped?

When white breakers lunge at the black basalt cliff, what
Does the heart hear, gale lifting, the last star long gone now,

Or what in the mother's voice calling her boy from the orchard,
In a twilight moth-white with the apple-blossom's dispersal?

Yes, what is the undeclared timbre, and why
Do your eyes go moist, and a pain of unworthiness start?

What does the dying, or screwed, woman stare at?
Fly on ceiling, or gold mote afloat in a sun-slit of curtain.

Some message comes thus from the world that screams, far off.
Will she get it before what will happen, will happen?

What meaning when, at the unexpected street corner,
You meet some hope long forgotten, and your heart,

Like neon in shore-fog, or distance, glows dimly again?
Will you waver, or clench teeth and move on?

Have you thought as you walk, late, late, the streets of a town
Of all dreams being dreamed in dark houses, and what they imply?

Yes, message on message, like wind or water, in light or in dark,
The whole world pours at us. But, somehow, the code book is lost.

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ville, New York, where many of his ancestors had lived and where Wilson spent most of his summers. *Upstate* was finished that fall, but not until after Dos Passos had died in September. By then almost the last survivor of his literary generation (except for Thornton Wilder), Wilson was feeling morose and isolated and was inclined to be crusty with strangers. Nevertheless, he went back to work on other projects, including a book on Russian writers (almost all of whose works he had read in the original Russian).

In February 1971 he reported from New York, "I had a slight stroke around Christmas, which has somewhat affected my right hand, and given me some trouble in writing." Work continued "notwithstanding," as he had once quoted from Nietzsche. In April he was back in Wellfleet and with the help of a grammar was puzzling out some apocryphal books of the New Testament that exist only in Old Church Slavonic. During the year he prepared two books for the press; one was *A Window on Russia* and the other was a collection of miscellaneous essays. He also partly revised his memoirs of the 1920s, though he realized that someone else would have to complete the revision, as well as edit his later diaries; the man he wisely chose was Leon Edel. In May 1972 he reported from Wellfleet, "I had a slight stroke the other day and now can't talk distinctly." Still he was unwilling to surrender. At the end of the month he insisted on going alone to his beloved house "upstate," and he died there two weeks later. ◉

Boy Wandering in Simms' Valley

Through brush and love-vine, well blooded by blackberry thorn
Long dry past prime, all under the molten light
Of late summer, and past the last rock-slide at ridge-top and stubborn,
Raw cedar, I clambered, breath short and spit white

From lung-depth. Then down the lone valley, called Simms' Valley still,
Where Simms, for long years, had nursed a sick wife till she died.
Then turned out his spindly stock to forage at will,
And took down his .12 gauge, and simply lay down by her side.

No kin they had, and nobody came just to jaw.
It was two years before some straggling hunter sat down
On the porch-edge to rest, then started to prowl. He saw
What he saw, saw no reason to linger, but high-tailed to town.

A dirt-farmer needs a good wife to keep a place trim,
So the place must have gone to wrack with his old lady sick.
And when I came there, years later, old furrows were dim,
And dimmer in fields where grew maples and such, two-span thick.

So for years the farm had contracted: now barn down, and all
The yard gone part of the wilderness, and only
The house to mark human hope, and that ready to fall.
No buyer at tax-sale. It waited, forgotten and lonely.

I stood in the bedroom upstairs, in lowering sun,
And saw sheets hang spiderweb-rotten, and blankets a mass
Of what weather and leaves from the broken window had done,
Not to mention the rats, and thought what had there come to pass.

But lower was sinking the sun. I shook myself,
And flung a last glance around, then suddenly
Saw the old enameled bedpan, high on a shelf.
I stood still again, as the last sun fell on me,

And stood wondering what life is, and love, and what they may be.

Continued

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Love, Annie Pants

Anne Sexton: A Self-Portrait in Letters
Edited by Linda Gray Sexton and Lois Ames
Houghton Mifflin, 433 pp., $15

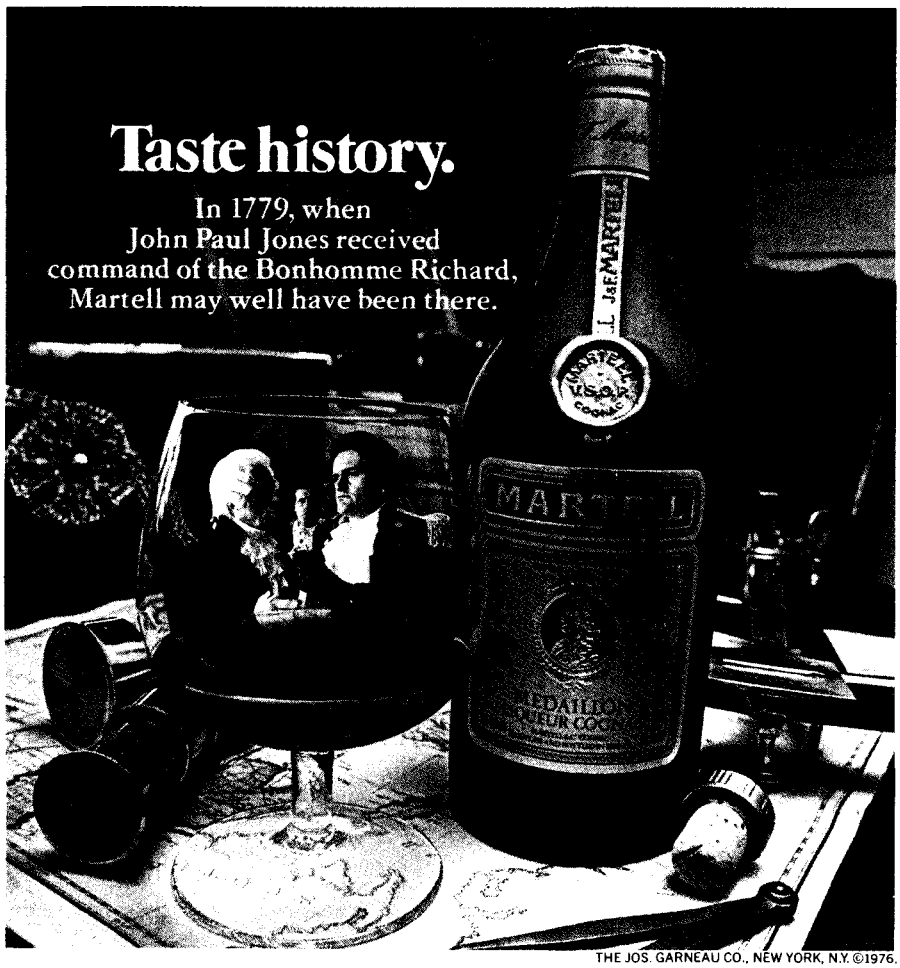
Reviewed by Katha Pollitt

EVEN in this tell-all age, collections of letters pose special problems for the reviewer. Few would now agree with Heine that "to publish even one line of an author which he himself has not intended for the public at large—especially letters which are addressed to private persons—is to commit a despicable act of felony," but one sees what he was getting at. Letters reveal their writer in a particularly unmediated way, and it seems unfair to judge someone by evidence we were never meant to see. Especially when letters reveal a character as chaotic and as hopelessly meshed in its own toils as that of the late poet Anne Sexton, one cannot help wondering if they extend our knowledge in ways that justify our wish to read them.

The letters selected here, though of considerable biographical interest, will not add much to Anne Sexton's literary stature, which will continue to rest on her poetry. It is chiefly in her earlier books—*To Bedlam and Partway Back*, *All My Pretty Ones*, *Live or Die*—that she succeeds in shaping the private pains of madness and childhood trauma into triumphs of artistic control; the later work is often slack and gimmicky, confession by the yard. Sexton was a prolific correspondent, often dashing off several hefty letters in a single day, but she was not a particularly skillful one. Her prose is energetic but rarely memorable, and one will not find here the anecdotal flair and lively wit, the sense of a fine mind at play, that characterize the letters of, say, Virginia Woolf. As she herself put it, "The words I write in letters are never real anyhow. I hook into my mood and drain it onto the paper." The image is frightening but apt: her letters are strangely barren of events and of the concrete details of lived life—books, dinners, movies, visits, conversations, gossip. As a record of the poet's emotional life, however, they are devastatingly detailed, and in many ways the figure that emerges is a disturbing one. It is all there: the savage demands for absolute devotion, the emotional blackmail, the narcissism, the breakdowns and hospitalizations, the long romance with suicide. One is moved to both pity and fear by so much need, but one also winces to see the means by which it was appeased laid bare.

When Anne Sexton was a girl, the editors tell us, "one of her favorite tricks was to write passionate love letters to several different young men, and then intentionally mix up the envelopes." Years later she would tell W. D. Snodgrass, her first real mentor and one of her most frequent addressees, "I never remember who I write." Indeed, her fullest correspondence followed a pattern that had little to do with the actual person addressed, whom she may have never even met. An initial encounter or fan letter would spark an exchange that rapidly reached an almost sexual intensity: "For Chrissakes keep writing to me even if I can't answer all the time," she writes one such admirer. "I need your letters like food. Don't show this letter to your wife." The little-girl wish to be both utterly dependent and completely in control makes her by turns coy, obsequious, seductive, wildly demanding: she signs her letters Annie Baby, Crybaby, Annie Pants. These letters are the epistolary equivalent of desperate midnight phone calls to numbers dialed at random, and it was a game that could not be kept up. Either the correspondent set limits in self-protection or else Sexton, having elicited a need as great as her own, would remind the other that she hardly knew him and drop him.

These correspondences in the dark, which occupy a large portion of the book, set the pattern for her letters to those who actually had some share in her life. Thus, although she patronizes her solid businessman husband in writing to others, her letters to him from Europe portray her as helpless without him: she weeps into mailboxes, rages when he fails to answer often enough, assures him that "I'm not really a poet, just a button," and even, with a lack of proportion that is appalling but characteristic, can say, "So this is Am-


Taste history.
In 1779, when
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command of the Bonhomme Richard,
Martell may well have been there.
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This past summer Katha Pollitt was the first poet in residence at The Robert Frost Place, in Franconia, New Hampshire.

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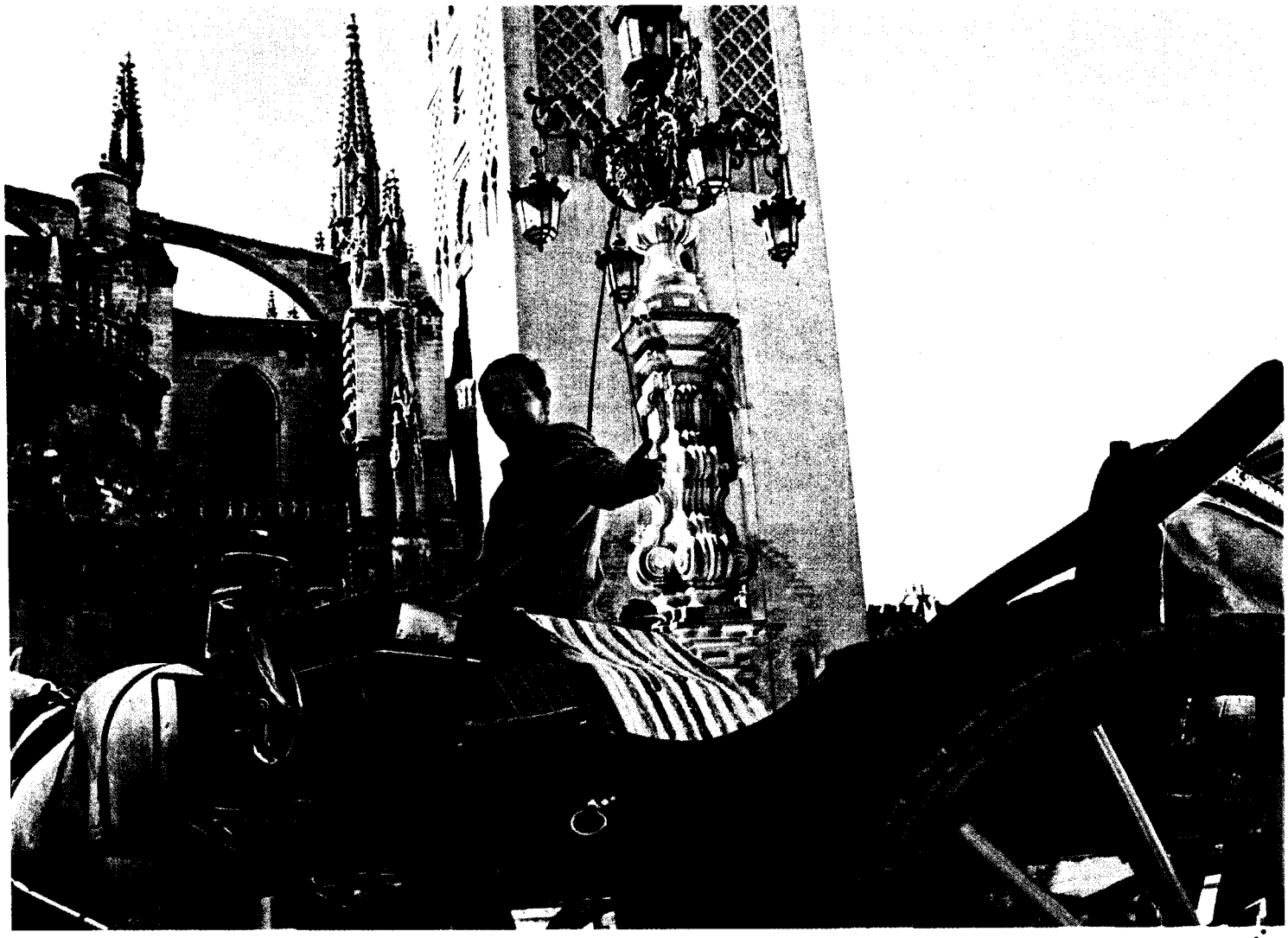

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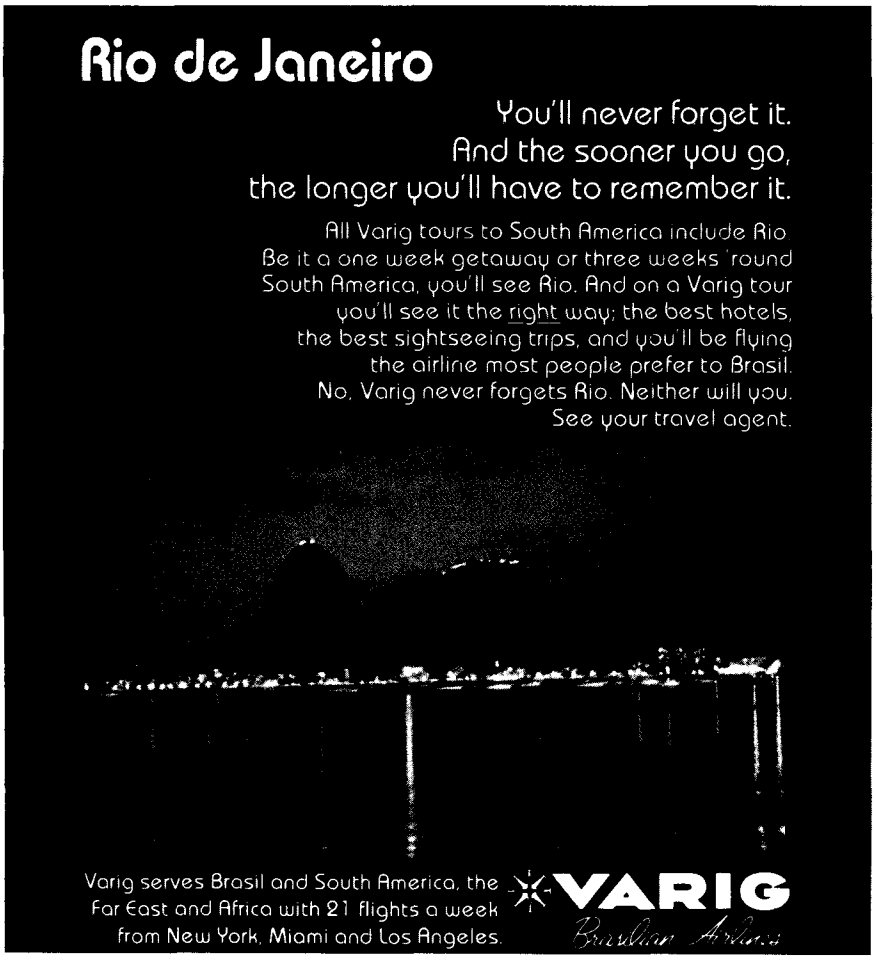
sterdam . . . a lovely city . . . and I feel like Anne Frank not Anne Sexton . . . I want to be home. And so did she." One comes to feel she would say *anything* to get attention. Even her little daughters are sternly lectured on the need to prove their love by writing to her more often. And yet when she writes of her love for her children, she for once gives the word its real meaning. With them she can be funny, adult, anecdotal, particular, and she describes them to others with real exuberance. Of all the people who walk through these pages, only Linda and Joy emerge as distinct individuals.

What a heroic act of shaping it must have been by which Anne Sexton transformed herself into the artist of *To Bedlam and Partway Back* and *All My Pretty Ones*. She came late to poetry, beginning to write as a suburban housewife of twenty-eight after seeing a television program called "How to Write a Sonnet"; and from that time on she embraced her craft with a desperate ardor. "Poetry and poetry alone," she wrote to Snodgrass, "has saved my life." Her numerous fan letters to writers she admired—Tillie Olsen, Carolyn Kizer, C. K. Williams—are filled with adolescent awe at the marvelous task of literary creation in which, miraculously, she is allowed to have some part. Although she rarely sets down specific responses to her reading, the excitement of discovering Rilke, Kafka, Thomas Mann, transmits itself: "I can feel my mind expanding like a pulled elastic band."

As a poet, Anne Sexton was everything that in other regards she was not: her letters about her own work reveal her as endlessly patient in revision, generous in admiration of her contemporaries, eager for criticism, and, at least until the sad last years of declining artistic control and overinflated fame, indifferent to flattery. Perhaps her most moving letters are the ones she wrote to those, often mental patients themselves, who sent her their work for comment. She was more than kind—she took them seriously, and gave it to them straight: "As for madness . . . hell! Most poets are mad. It doesn't qualify us for anything. Madness is a waste of time. It creates nothing. . . . Fight for the poem. Put your energy into it. Force discipline on madness. You can do it. I did it. Why not you?" As such a statement implies, what resides in Anne Sexton's poems is not only her best self but in a way her only self. The value of these letters is that they record the raw materials from which that self was forged. ◉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The Case of the Virgin Tramp

True Confessions
by John Gregory Dunne
Dutton, 341 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Robert M. Strozier

THIS novel certainly doesn't stint on color. I give you Shake Hands McCarthy, Tippling Tommy, Kickback Cosmo, Shopping Cart Johnson, Large Marge, Broadway Bates, Slats Shugrue, Skinny Minny Esposito, Five Finger Mary, Bad Bucky, and Dildo Dot.

One day, the Virgin Tramp, as she comes to be called (her name is Lois Fazenda), is found murdered. Murdered and—let's get this out of the way—cut totally in half. Taking on the case are Tom Spellacy, a closed-off, tough-talking detective with the L.A. police department who is known to hold a low view of the human condition, and his garrulous partner, Frank Crotty, who's always saying things like "We'll get the bagel to take a few pictures" and "About your alibi, homo." Their search for the killer ends up involving a lot of people, including Desmond Spellacy, Tom's brother, an ambitious, manipulative Catholic priest who is known as the Parachuting Padre (for reasons too complicated to go into here) and who serves as chancellor—"a combination lightning rod, hatchet man, and accountant"—for the archbishop.

When the plot thickens, it really thickens. Take the chief construction contractor for the archdiocese, Jack Amsterdam who formerly controlled a string of brothels run by Brenda Samuels, for whom Tom Spellacy used to make illegal payoffs. Amsterdam is currently into transporting Mexicans across the border for cheap labor, a scheme in which the murdered woman is thought to have been involved. Then there is Dan Campion, lawyer for the archdiocese. Campion was bedding down with Lois Fazenda there for a while

Robert M. Strozier is a frequent contributor to the Atlantic Monthly *and other publications.*

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and he wields a lot of influence with Sonny McDonough, who serves on the select commission that's in the process of selecting the next police chief, who will be Tom Spellacy's next boss. And so on.

Clues are not easy to come by in this book, although the wide-awake reader may be able to piece things together before Tom Spellacy does. There is no orderly progression; instead, a total picture gradually emerges of a very busy web of crisscrossing lives. What we are given is not just a suspense thriller. Author Evan Hunter recently pointed out that there are "two kinds of cop fiction: the so-called procedural mystery and the more serious novel about human beings who coincidentally happen to be cops." And so, I call *True Confessions* a novel.

The book is really about the two Spellacy brothers, who mirror each other in all sorts of complicated ways—as do the worlds they live in. Products of a tough Irish neighborhood, both have failed in different ways. Tom, a onetime boxer who never made it in the ring, is a good cop, but he could just as easily still be working for Jack Amsterdam. Des pursues power, at considerable moral cost, yet he isn't sure he wants it or deserves it. Someone says of them that "they each had the ability to make other men feel small, even cheap." They also produce this feeling in each other—that and an odd combination of fear, guilt, uneasiness, envy, affection.

As a character, Tom is the less interesting of the two. He reminds you of cops you've met before and will meet again; he even has a de rigueur girl friend on the side, to whom nothing good ever comes. The most successful portions of the book concern Des, who is always attending functions, playing golf, wheeling and dealing, swapping favors, and pressing advantages with assorted Catholic laymen and friends. There are some particularly sharp scenes between him and Hugh Danaher, the wonderfully crafty old cardinal—"a bookkeeper in ermine." The two men play endlessly at pretending to attribute high-mindedness to decisions that are practical at best, cruel at worst; but neither of them is fooled by their plots and ploys.

John Gregory Dunne, screenwriter, columnist, southern California person, is the author of three earlier books, including *The Studio*, which is probably the best nonfiction book that's ever been written about Hollywood. *True Confessions* is lively, God knows, sometimes funny, even compelling. The ending (to the flashback, which constitutes most of the story) is nicely wrapped in paradox: as things come to a close they are really only beginning, and both brothers win out and lose out in different ways.

After awhile, though, I found myself wearying of the book. There's just too much smart banter, too much plot, too much gratuitous weirdness, too much cuteness. Terrible and bizarre things keep happening to assorted whores, midgets, and perverts who all seem to have messy ways and green teeth; Frank Crotty doesn't just have a sister, he has a sister who's a nun who has a clubfoot; and an apostolic delegate is actually described as playing his cards close to the cassock.

The book has energy and substance, but unfortunately there's just too, too, too much of everything. ◉

Books in Brief

The Vast Majority: A Journey to the World's Poor
by Michael Harrington
Simon & Schuster, 281 pp., $9.95

Michael Harrington is that rarity in American culture: an affable, middle-class socialist zealot. His books have unmasked the internal contradictions of capitalism and the hidden sufferings of the poor while offering calm hope for reform. Here he records his journeys among "the wretched of the earth" in the Third World and his reflections on the causes of and cure for international poverty. Mingling lyrical, often tearful observations of economic backwardness with scholarly analysis, Harrington confesses his bafflement at these alien cultures and explains how the world's poor can be redeemed only through a new international market system. Because the existing market is dominated by the industrial powers, especially the United States, all attempts to stimulate growth in the undeveloped lands merely enrich already prosperous nations and deepen the dependence of the poor.

To his credit, Harrington does not romanticize the tradition-bound societies whose spirit and sorrows he describes; nor does he simplify capitalist villainy—even when they are trying to help, both America (private capitalism) and the Soviet Union (state capitalism) exploit the poor by relying on the inherently unjust market system. And much as he desires far-reaching reform, Harrington cautions against the "Stalinist temptation" to facilitate it by banishing democracy "temporarily," for he fears democracy may then be lost forever.

Although Harrington's argument will not compel capitalists to lay their profits in the laps of the poor, it cannot be dismissed as simplistic or doctrinaire; and even confirmed capitalists will recognize in Harrington not a bleeding heart but an informed, subtle thinker—and a good man. —JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Once To Every Man: A Memoir
by William Sloane Coffin
Atheneum, 384pp., $12.95

Having devoted his adolescent years to training for a career as a concert pianist, William Sloane Coffin became, successively: an Army intelligence officer; a CIA agent; a Christian minister; a freedom rider; and co-defendant in a celebrated conspiracy trial in which he, Dr. Benjamin Spock, and others were charged with advocating resistance to the Vietnam era draft. His autobiography leaves him on the brink of yet another departure as he goes from his longtime post as chaplain at Yale University to lead the parish of New York City's Riverside Church.

Throughout his multiple careers, Coffin has set a pace that will leave readers gasping for breath. We learn that immediately after losing his virginity to an English farm girl, young soldier Coffin jogged 10 miles to lead his platoon in morning calisthenics. He mastered Russian in three months, after bluffing and drinking his way into an appointment as liaison officer to the Soviet army. Years later, the Reverend Dr. Coffin was so energetic in organizing the training of Peace Corps volunteers that even the redoubtable Sarge Shriver found him inspirational.

Rather surprisingly, the moves from CIA operative to Ivy League divine to preacher of civil disobedience seem to have involved a minimum of inner redirection. Coffin attributes his course to the thoroughly WASP sense of duty inculcated by his upper-class family; it is a heritage he insightfully recognizes as both a fount of strength and a psychological cross. An equally obvious motivation is Coffin's belief that cynicism is a major civic and religious sin: even a near fatal illness is embraced by him as a learning experience. Finally, however, the breakup of two marriages within the span of a few years exposes the vulnerable human being underneath, and one feels empathy with, and profound admiration for, this man whose personal virtues—activism, moralism, and optimism—are qualities that lie deep in the American grain.

—JOYCE MILTON

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Fine Print

by Doris Grumbach

ELEANOR CLARK is a talented, vigorous, good-looking, lithe woman, an avid skier, devoted mother of two children—and a lover of life in Rome, in Greece, in Vermont, in New York. She is as well, the longtime happy wife of Robert Penn Warren and the author of a classic book, *The Oysters of Locmariaquer*, which won the National Book Award in 1965. She is a novelist and short story writer of note, an essayist of great skill whose study *Rome and a Villa* is one of the best books ever written on the Eternal City.

Eleanor Clark has never before written a book like *Eyes, Etc.: A Memoir* (Pantheon, 175 pp., $7.95). But then she's never had to, until three years ago, when what she calls her "affliction" came upon her. Her sight began to go in one eye, then in the other. She was not afflicted with total blindness or glaucoma, but with something else she never names. Now she cannot see to read. But she has written an uncommon account of "the event, to call it something." It is an extraordinary account because she never submits us to the customary, agonizing, day-by-day progress into sickness and suffering; she spares us the clinical details. Instead, we are privileged to visit her subtle and intelligent mind as it grapples with rage and rebellion, remembers occasions of pleasure, and reasons itself into acceptance.

Clark tells us that this chronicle was written on large drawing pads with one hundred Magic Markers. Her necessary mode of composition has of course affected her style, which here is economical, at times even abrupt and choppy, often lacking subjective pronouns, particles, and transitional words. Sometimes the reader must unravel, expand, interpret, her terse prose—but it is always well worth the effort. Speaking, for example, of her attitude toward her near-blindness, she writes:

> At the moment the warning I had in mind was just to watch the Pollyanna syndrome: sweet little me, so brave, better off than so many others, would gladly trade, give, something. Would NOT. Am NOT. This is HELL—out of the blue too (ha ha)—any worse, you wouldn't be hearing this much squeak out of me. Fact remains, does it not, I have extraordinary blessings to count, yes indeedy. Can walk, talk, cook. Have love, and loving lovely family—no goons or cult-cranks or other disasters there. Am not lonely or hungry or mistreated by anybody I know of, and can still dial the telephone if it's the shape I know, not one of those nasty new square push-button jobs.

But Clark gives us very little of this sort of discussion about herself in the book. The pages of her drawing pads are filled with "items" from her memory: a description of a terrible, destructive storm in the country; a wry account of her neighbors, the Tidies, who spend every hour of their vacation time working on their house and garden; a lovely, funny description of arrogant snobs on ski lifts. There is a charming *essai*, in Montaigne's word and mode, about the value of dungeons she has visited in Europe: "Such structures do have resonance. Something happened in them; they weren't just car-stops. And more than most habitations of stone, they ring with a word we're the poorer for losing—WOE." And this leads into a fine short memoir about a New York cold-water flat she lived in as a young woman.

These "items" are dropped casually into her story of unwilling accommodation to the loss of her vision. A more calculated inclusion is her use of the epics of Homer, which were read to her in the Robert Fitzgerald translation, first while she and her husband were staying in Greece and then at home in Vermont, where she started to write her book. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, said to be the work of the blind singer Homer, became her salvation. She recapitulates her favorite passages in *Eyes* and revels in the simple courage, the goodness of heart, possessed by the Greek and Trojan heroes and admires their reverence for the gods and the depths of grief of which the heroes are capable. She applies bits of Homeric wisdom to her own fate, calling herself a "novice in affliction."

There is no saintly posing here. The self Eleanor Clark shows us expresses her irrational (and rational) angers and strong prejudices. She abhors young goons and cult-cranks; dilettantes in the arts; the alternative-life-style crowd; *les jeunes*, with their boorishness and illiteracy; those attracted to "the Silvia Plath virus"; and so forth. She dislikes zoysia grass, appliance repairmen, boredom, guests in her house who lounge and do nothing to help. She is most violently opposed to the misuse and the overuse of words: *discipline* (she prefers *métier*); *aids* (for the afflicted); *programs* (a Washington, D.C., word); *creative* (a PTA word); *cope*. She excoriates them all, and others; and the reader recognizes the justifiable anger of this careful writer who has been hampered in her craft by a cruel turn of fate and now lashes out at the carelessness of those with vision, but no feeling for language.

Eleanor Clark rages against the dark, but at the same time this civilized, educated, gentle woman allows us to witness her almost classic posture and tone: courageous, wry, informed, even heroic at times. Her book is not a comforter to the afflicted or a palliative for the suffering. It is a gritty, cold-eyed attempt to understand what's happening to her. In reading it, we learn a great deal about that old-fashioned quality, *character*, or what the Victorians might have called Eleanor Clark's "quality." They are good things to know about a writer. I for one am grateful to all those drawing pads and Magic Markers. ◉

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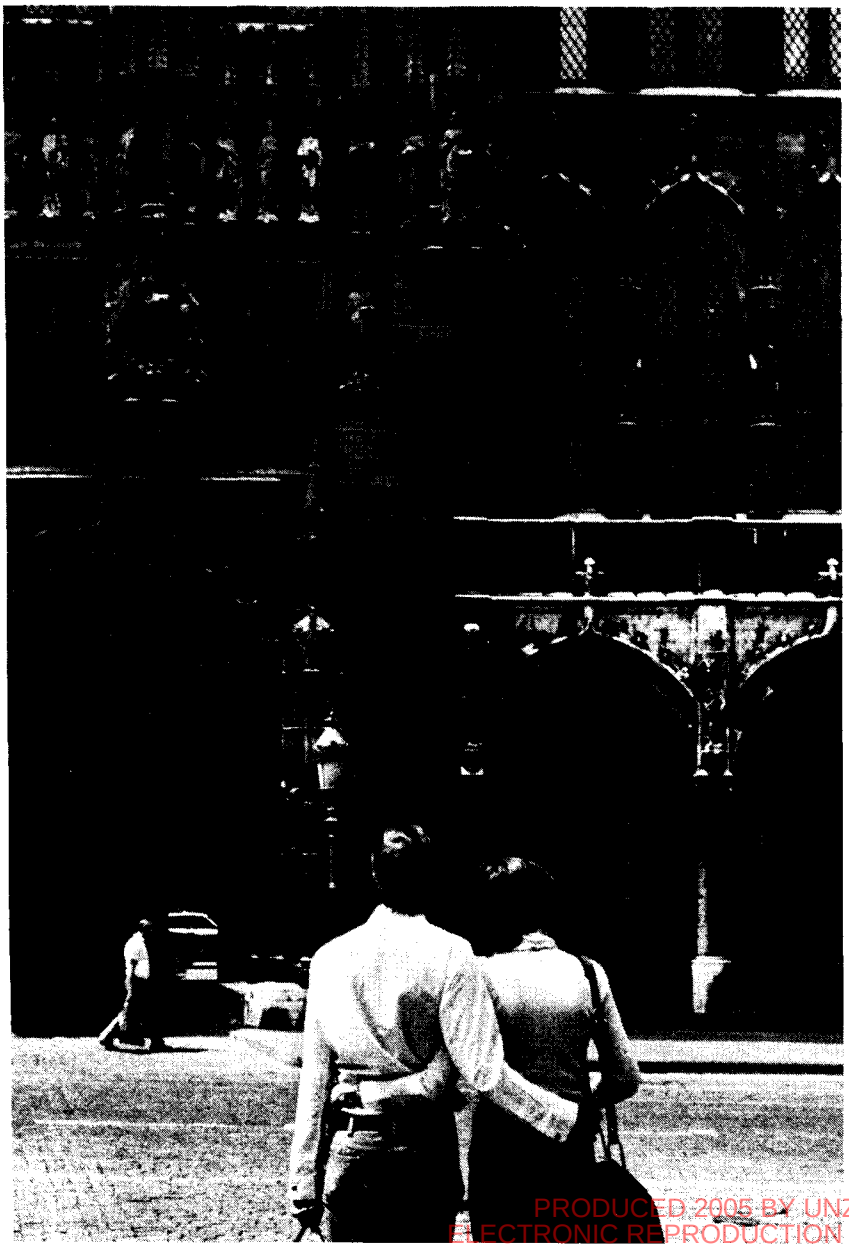

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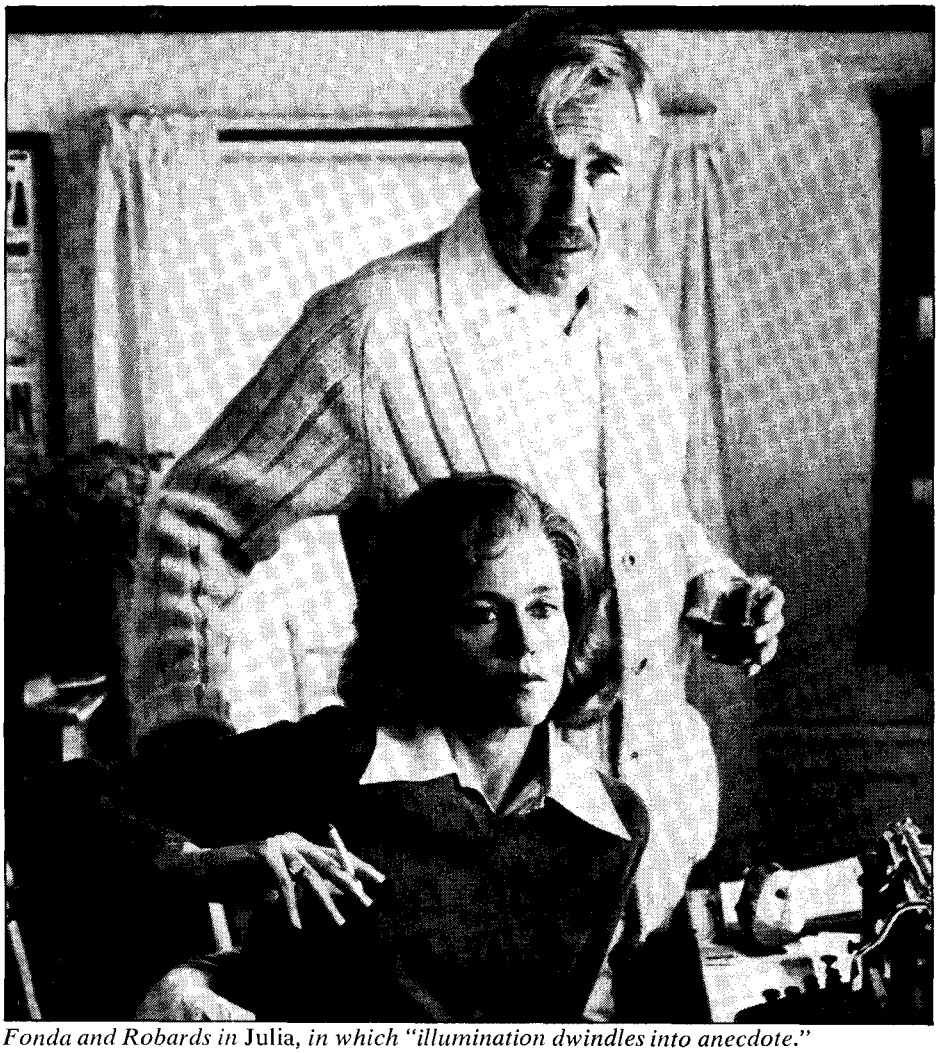
The Duplicitous Art



Fonda and Robards in Julia, *in which "illumination dwindles into anecdote."*

by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

THINGS have changed a good deal since I last wrote regularly about films in the late 1960s. Then one felt oneself peculiarly a member of the movie generation, some vanishing breed living in the afterglow of a historical interlude, a generation quite apart from the young reared in the presumably more intimate magic of television. Now it is evident that television simply does not delight the modern young in the way that movies delighted those who grew up in the 1930s. For good reason: the imaginative fare on the tiny screen is mostly shallow and transient stuff. This is no doubt why, in the colleges at least, the television generation is so busy reinventing the cinematic environment of the Thirties. Films forgotten for years are exhumed, displayed, discussed, analyzed, and revered.

Nor is this an altogether antiquarian exercise. The vitality of old movies forever astonishes. Last summer I took my younger children, eleven and five, to a Harold Lloyd festival. They watched, entranced, *Safety Last* (1923) and *The Freshman* (1925)—both more than half a century old and far more fresh and inventive than yesterday's television. The span of years from 1977 to 1923 is the same as from 1923 to 1869. What popular artifacts of 1869 endured in 1923 as the great silent movies do today?

We have come to understand that America created an art, as Britain created an empire, in a fit of absence of mind. For movies are the single art where America has made a conspicuous difference. Delete the American contribution from music, dance, drama, painting, sculpture, even perhaps from poetry and the novel, even, more doubtfully, from architecture, and the world's achievement is only marginally diminished. Movies without the American contribution are inconceivable.

Because movies are the distinctive American art, they are, or should be, of particular interest to the American historian. For one cannot doubt that the movies have a great deal to tell us not just about the surfaces but about the mysteries of American life. Film is of course a duplicitous art. It preys avidly upon the dreams and illusions of a nation, a society, and a world. Its testimony is hard to decipher. Crass commercialism conspires against, and with, solitary genius. The audience, supposedly passive as it sits in darkened theaters, is in fact an active collaborator, receiving each film not as an isolated event but as reverberant with memories of other films, with private lives of stars, with systems of tutelage and fantasy. In recent times professional historians, like Robert Sklar and Michael Wood, have examined movies with rewarding result in the search for clues to the society beyond.

So I come back to reviewing with unalloyed pleasure. I began in 1931 at the age of thirteen and still have a notebook with capsule reviews of the 482 films I saw between June 1, 1931 (*Dishonored*, with Marlene Dietrich), and sometime in 1931 (*Piccadilly Jim*, with Robert Montgomery). In 1938–39 I reviewed films at Cambridge University for the weekly undergraduate magazine *Granta*. The rival critic, on the highly competitive *Varsity News*, was another American, Herbert Warren Wind, who later went straight and became the best tennis and golf writer of our time. To while away the tedium of a long British winter, we decided to have a feud and denounced each

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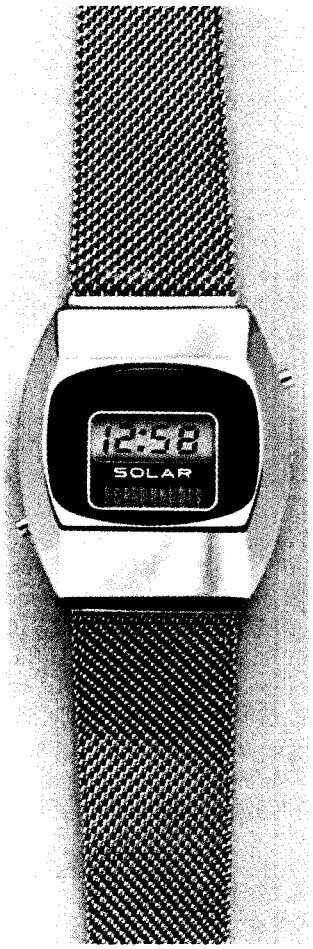

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other genially in our respective columns.

I too went straight for many years and, while I never kicked the habit of going to movies, succumbed only occasionally to the temptation to write about them. In 1962 I was persuaded to start reviewing for *Show* and, when that gaudy venture of Huntington Hartford's folded, for *Vogue*. After a time, I decided I had better return to more sober pursuits. Then came the invitation from Norman Cousins and Carll Tucker. For a moment I hesitated, doubting my ability to replace that splendid professional of zinging style Judith Crist. But, ever a recidivist, I could not say no.

Now down to business. The film at hand is *Julia*, from Lillian Hellman's poignant sketch in *Pentimento*. The director is Fred Zinnemann, seventy this year, an Austrian who came to Hollywood nearly half a century ago and made such notable, semi-mythic films as *High Noon* and *From Here to Eternity*. His work after 1953, Georges Sadoul has observed, not without justice, "lapsed into conscientious academicism." *Julia*, which could have drawn on his own as well as Lillian Hellman's recollection of Europe in the tormented 1930s, might perhaps have replenished his mythopoeic vision. Alas, conscientious academicism predominates.

The theme is the initiation into history of a young American writer, Lillian, through her love for a childhood friend, Julia, who is caught up in the anti-Nazi underground. It is a serious theme. But the screenplay is too perfunctory, the continuity too fragmented, the exposition too desultory, the texture too thin, to sustain the dramatic point. Illumination dwindles into anecdote. Lillian is certified as a writer through images of surprising banality—a glass of whiskey beside the typewriter, a cigarette clamped in the mouth, explosions of frustration and stalemate. The sequences on literary parturition carry little conviction. Writers, on the whole, are caricatured in this film, as in most others. Dorothy Parker wanders about, uttering lines like "Way down deep, he's superficial."

Where *Julia* succeeds is on another level —as melodrama in the darkling land opened up so long ago by Hitchcock and Sir Carol Reed. Little in movies generates more pleasurable ambiguity and suspense than a train crossing European frontiers in the age of Hitler. Lillian's journey from Paris to Berlin, executed with brilliant suggestion and high proficiency, carries one agreeably back to *Night Train* and *The Lady Vanishes*.

Julia succeeds even more through the acting of Vanessa Redgrave and Jane Fonda. Zinnemann has not lost his touch with his performers. And what an accomplished pair these two are! They play off each other wonderfully, Redgrave with her exquisite and steely passion, Fonda with her tremulous self-doubt and involuntary commitment. Each performance is a triumph of professional skill and personal spirit. Maximilian Schell is effective in an unexpected role; Jason Robards's weathered face overcomes hopeless lines to make a plausible Dashiell Hammett; and an actor unknown to me, John Glover, suddenly brings the film to life in a scene toward the end when he accuses Lillian of lesbian inclinations toward Julia. Douglas Slocombe's camera work is, as usual, dazzling. *Julia* is quite tolerable entertainment. One only wishes that the film had tapped Fred Zinnemann's memory as deeply as the reminiscence tapped Lillian Hellman's. ◉

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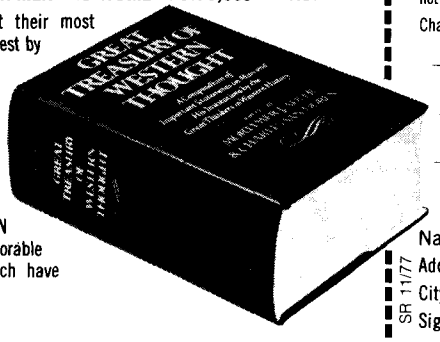

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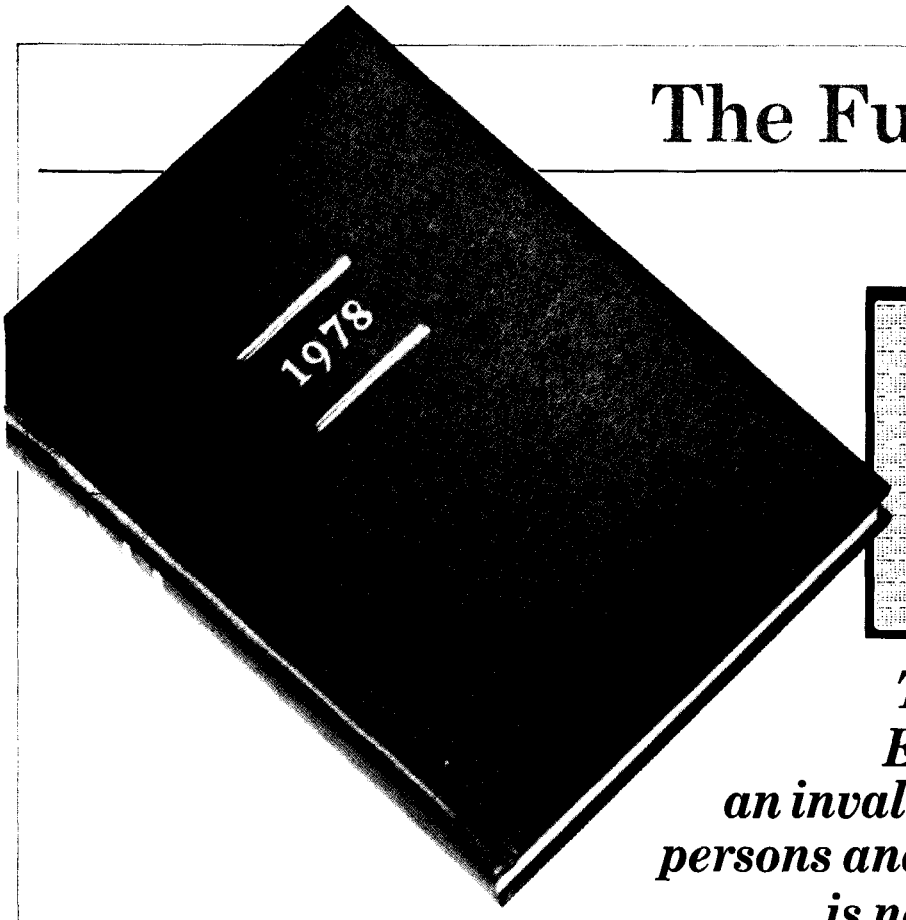

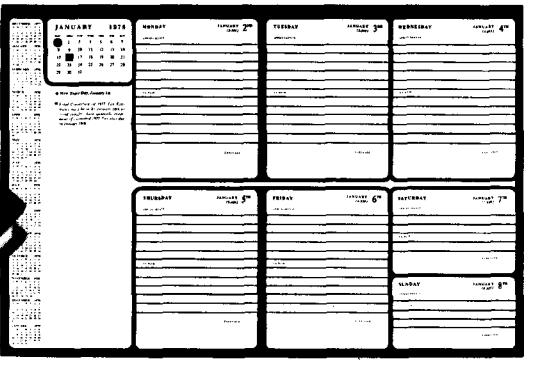

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Television

Theater-on-the-Tube

by Karl E. Meyer

GREAT theater usually makes indifferent television, and why this should be so has long puzzled me. Seeing a live play, if only from the third balcony, is inestimably more satisfying than viewing the same work, close up, on the living room screen. Sometimes the translation to television is disastrous, as in the case of last season's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, which not even Laurence Olivier, who played Big Daddy, could salvage.

But on occasion, theater-on-the-tube does recapture some of the conjury of a stage performance, and the upcoming presentation of *The Royal Family* is one such exception to the rule. Eva Le Gallienne repeats her Broadway role of Fanny Cavendish, the doyenne of a famous theatrical dynasty; in one of her few appearances on television, she invests the work —however lightweight it may be—with cunning art. (The play will be broadcast on Wednesday, November 9, from 9:00 to 11:00 P.M. EST on most public television stations as part of the *Great Performances* series.)

Another obvious reason why *The Royal Family* makes effective television is that it was possible to reassemble most of the cast of the recent Broadway revival of the now venerable comedy by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. In the theater, familiarity breeds excellence; the resulting television performance of *The Royal Family* displays the solidity of a troupe. Ellis Rabb, as Tony Cavendish, struts through his role as the simulacrum of John Barrymore. Equally convincing are Rosemary Harris as sister Julie Cavendish, Mary Layne as ingenue Gwen Cavendish, and Sam Levene as Oscar Wolfe, the acting family's ever indulgent agent.

Still, the limitations of the camera can be felt in this play, as in others adapted for television. When two or three characters are talking, close-ups work, but when there is an ensemble scene, the bubbles vanish from the champagne. The first act of *The Royal Family* concludes with a full-scale family row in which everyone is talking, or rather shouting, at once. Seen on the stage, the entire tableau is wonderfully animated, but there is no way that the selective eye of the camera can reproduce the same effect. For this reason, it seems to me, a solo performance—such as that of Julie Harris in *The Belle of Amherst*—suffers less on film.

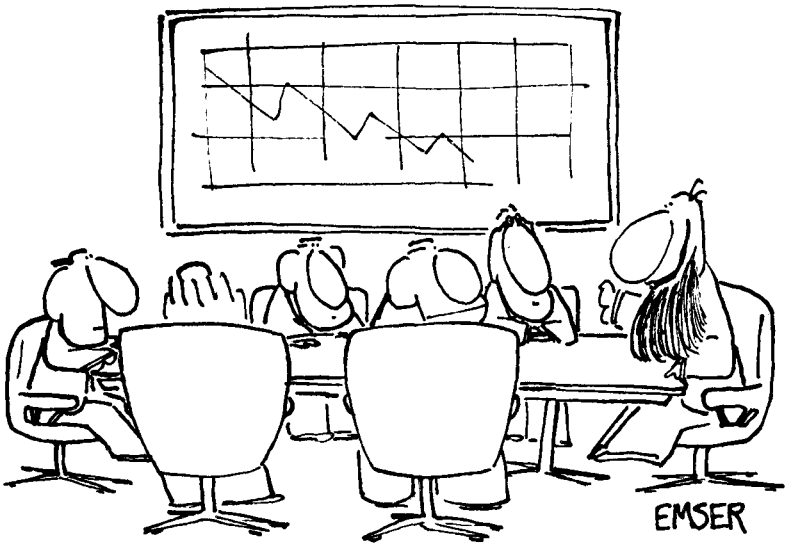
An additional, more fundamental problem afflicts most theater-on-television. A theatergoer pays for a seat and is confined to a darkened room for an act lasting an hour or so; the play's author can assume that his work will get undivided attention, without anyone in the audience darting into the kitchen for a can of beer. Thus it is possible to unfold a story gradually and to develop characters. The tempo of television is wholly different: the audience must be grabbed by the lapels to deter the fatal switch of the knob. Commercial television has so conditioned us to expect rapid plot development that we respond impatiently when all we see are talking heads. In order to hold an audience, producers of plays on television too often resort to desperate visual trickery, and the drama perishes.

This is not the case with *The Royal Family*, which has been filmed with loving restraint by producer Ken Campbell and director Ellis Rabb. In the final act, Eva Le Gallienne is alone onstage, in a rapture of private recollection about her long years as an actress. Her hands seem to dance, and her eyes and face are transfigured—it is indeed a magical moment, and we are lucky to have it on film. I pity the impatient viewer who has switched channels to *Charlie's Angels*.

ACTING ON the theory that every reviewer should confess to a periodic pratfall, I would like to apologize to any reader who wasted his time by seeing all six parts of *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*. On the basis of the first episode, I grotesquely overpraised a meretricious and cliché-ridden series.

After a strong opening, the ABC production sank into a sea of bathos. The plot was confused and the characterizations were one-dimensional—even Jason Robards, who started so well, wound up as such a snarling caricature that I was ready to vote for Richard M. Nixon. The one redeeming scene was in the final segment, when President Richard Monckton was in a showdown conversation at Camp David with CIA director William Martin. The fragment, of course, was taken from John Ehrlichman's novel, *The Company*, the ostensible inspiration for the whole 12-hour series.

ABC not only inexcusably larded out Ehrlichman's novel but also used Rinso on his plot. In *The Company*, director Martin (Cliff Robertson) leaves his wife and marries his mistress. Intolerable. There is no infidelity without punishment on commercial television: as "improved" by ABC, a remorseful CIA director returns to his wronged wife. It is thus permissible on the networks to depict a President of the United States as a criminal conspirator but not to condone adultery Ehrlichman should sue for damages. ◉



"Then it's agreed. We all grow beards."

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Theater

An Apple for Miss Parsons

by Michael Feingold

Miss Margarida's Way began in Brazil, where it was taken seriously enough as political drama for the censors to make playwright Roberto Athayde suppress several sections, and it has wound up on Broadway, where it is looked on as a great lark for all concerned—especially for Estelle Parsons, who plays Miss Margarida. Though it is not the first piece of theater to have gone through this devolution, it presents an unusual case nonetheless, since the fault for once is not Broadway's. The play has not had its political teeth pulled in its transfer to the American stage; rather, the effort of making it smile has revealed it to be snaggletoothed. It still functions amusingly as a sort of one-woman clown show, but it has left much of its satirical bite behind in the political system that inspired it.

Miss Margarida is an eighth-grade schoolteacher. The program notes of the New York Shakespeare Festival's Public Theater, where this production first opened, inform the audience that they are to play her class. Once Parsons, smirking with hypocritical love, has made her appearance, they know exactly what to expect: Miss Margarida is an idiot—not a simpering idiot, but a dangerous one, an Authority figure with the power of reward openly in her hands and the more dangerous power of punishment kept hidden. Bad children, she tells the class, are sent to the principal's office; she doesn't know what happens to them, but they never come back. (This was one of the lines the Brazilian censors excised.)

Having settled the question of who's in charge, Miss Margarida gets down to teaching, and the play immediately waives its satirical possibilities in favor of what at times amounts to slapstick.

The subject of the day is biology. Miss Margarida obsessively assumes that her students define it as sex education, and she thinks *that* means they want her to take off her clothes and display her body. In an alternate mood, she screams, "You're all a bunch of impotent faggots!" Miss Margarida clearly exhibits a case of repression as well as one of suppression. And of compulsive digression, too, as she swerves from the subject of sex to such topics as the need for education ("Miss Margarida wants you all to be doctors"), political economy ("If I give you twelve bananas, the strongest boy in the class will get nine; the second strongest, three; and the rest of you, nothing"), and religion ("In Jesus's time there was no pornography").

As satirical cartooning, much of this is pointed enough, but as playwriting, it is static and reiterative. There are events—notably the throwing of a stink bomb, which ends the first act—but there is no development or change in Miss Margarida's relationship to her students. This may be a true representation of the way Authority works in a predominantly Catholic country ruled by a military dictatorship, like Brazil, but it loses its satirical force in a multiplex society like ours. Several times during the evening Miss Margarida paranoically interrogates her class, "Is there anyone in this class named Jesus? Or Messiah? Or Holy Ghost?" These queries make more sense in Brazil, both on an allegorical level (Is there a new leader who will free the people?) and on a realistic one (the names are not uncommon in Latin America).

The connection between Miss Margarida's sexual identity and her position as a tool of the regime is also a problem for North American audiences. Obviously, for Athayde's schema it is important that the agent of Authority be female: it heightens his point about the prudish establishment's obsessive love-hate attitude toward sexuality. At the same time, it is a female character, not a government, that is being made ridiculous onstage, and the old sexist caricature of the lust-ridden spinster is sufficiently outworn by now to make us uncomfortable with it.

Also, making the Authority figure a teacher has limited satirical validity in a country where teachers are much more subject to pressures from parents than from the central government. By contrast, in two recent American plays set in classrooms, Maria Irene Fornes's *Dr. Kheal* and Marsha Sheiness's *Professor George*, the teachers are subversive figures employing shock tactics in order to shake the students out of their complacent acceptance of society's rules and attitudes.

Athayde's dramaturgy, moreover, is deeply at odds with his ideology; subversion is structured directly into *Miss Margarida's Way* in its demand that the audience participate. Far from being brainwashed victims of fascism, New York audiences behave like obstreperous children newly liberated from reform school. At one of the two Public Theater performances I attended, when Miss Margarida demanded to know who had thrown the stink bomb (which is described by her but is otherwise, thank goodness, nonexistent), a man from the audience actually went up onstage and confessed. He said he had thrown the bomb to protest the absence of sex education from the curriculum. If the audience is that ready to play the game (and Parsons has described how other people have come to the theater early to leave messages and gifts, notably apples, on her desk), there is no need for them to play it. Laughing at Miss Margarida purges some of the bad feeling of living under her rule; shouting back at her as American audiences do, fashioning programs into spitballs or paper planes, covering the blackboard with graffiti at intermission—all are acts of rebellion that, even in the most playful spirit, are refutations of the play's point. If Miss Margarida really were in charge, no one would dare rebel.

All the same, despite its faulty politics, *Miss Margarida's Way* is an amusing and worthwhile game to play, thanks to Athayde's skill at devising clownery to cloak his satirical barbs and thanks to Parson's performance as team captain, goalie, and scorekeeper rolled into one. Under weaker directors or with less interesting material, this actress has at times seemed shrill, unfocused, mannered. Here, her natural magnetism and her skill at improvisation combine with her technical prowess to provide a performance that is genuinely stunning in its variety, razor-sharp in its timing, and rich both in its wit and in its pathos. If nothing else, Athayde can be congratulated for giving Parsons such an opportunity. The spitballs are for the character; the apples are for the actress. ◉

Michael Feingold's theater criticism has appeared in The New York Times *and* The Village Voice.

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Music to My Ears

Avery Fisher Awards: Vickers as Parsifal

by Irving Kolodin

AVERY FISHER'S idea of underwriting a week in which several "exceptionally talented" young performers would have the use of the hall bearing his name in Lincoln Center has merit—especially as the winners are selected by a panel of advisers rather than as the result of still another competition. But combining a mini-recital and an appearance with the New York Philharmonic on the same evening may, in the aggregate, be less a kindness than a complication.

So fine a young pianist as Ursula Oppens, who came first in the sequence, would doubtless have preferred to play the A-major Concerto of Mozart (K. 488) in the first portion of the program and Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* at the end of it—as she did—without being burdened with playing the piano sonata of Boulez and a new work by Frederic Rzewski in between—as she also did. This is, of course, thoroughly reasonable from a purely professional point of view. Would Rubinstein or Horowitz combine a mini-recital and two major works with orchestra on the same program? I think not.

Miss Oppens's Mozart was excellingly musical but was also tense and hard-driven in the first movement, a little less so in the adagio, and, under the guiding hand of Erich Leinsdorf, almost relaxed in the finale. On the whole, she commanded most respect in *Four Pieces*, by Rzewski (born in Massachusetts, in 1938, and now living in Italy). They are in the tempo sequence of the classical sonata (fast, slow, faster, fastest), but without that form's inner thematic complications. Rzewski has a fine sense of sonority, a warm idea of musical contrast, and a kind regard for the attention of the listener, in a compositional style that blends a recurrent melodic pattern (heard in all four pieces) with freely associated tonalities. Oppens, to whom *Four Pieces* is dedicated, played it extremely well.

On her evening, violinist Ani Kavafian prefaced the Beethoven concerto with a Mondonville (1711–1772) Sonata in C and the Brahms G major (Opus 78). At some points in the Brahms, one had the impression that it was pianist Samuel Sanders who was giving the mini-recital. The piano sound was overbearing and unsympathetic to his partner, who nevertheless pursued her musical way with recreative insight and a warmly resonant tone. These qualities were also apparent in the demanding concerto, for which Miss Kavafian had quite sufficient technique but insufficient individuality or personality for an outstanding performance of Beethoven. She is not, incidentally, the violinist of Peter Serkin's Tashi ensemble: that is her sister, Ida.

As a solo instrument the harp is such a rarity that the repertory to fill out an evening must include, along the way, such inferior music as André Caplet's *Française* and *Espagnole*, and Carlos Salzedo's *Theme and Variations for Harp*, which were on the program by Heidi Lehwalder. She has an unquestionable identity with the instrument (she made her debut with the Seattle Symphony at the age of nine) as well as uncommonly strong hands, which produced an articulation and clarity seldom heard. However, in both the *Introduction and Allegro*, by Ravel (in which members of the Philharmonic performed the clarinet, flute, and string parts), and the Ginastera concerto, Miss Lehwalder impressed me as a player with great command of the instrument, but one lacking an imaginative approach to it. Her sonorities tended to be metallic rather than prismatic, and the coloristic detail that can make a cultivated pleasure of the Ravel and Ginastera scores was understated.

On the whole, the strong impact of the week was made by Paul Schenly, a pianist who was born in Germany and who came to this country as a child. He betrayed his intelligence and experience by confining the recital portion of his program to a Schubert "Impromptu" (Opus 142, No. 3 in B flat); to a wonderfully humorous work of Erik Satie titled *Embryons Desséchées* ("Desiccated Embryos")—of which one section quotes the Chopin *Marche Funèbre* ("Funeral March") parodistically, and another is marked to be played "like a nightingale with a toothache"; and to Stravinsky's *Three Scenes from "Petrouchka."* Having limbered his fingers with these items, Schenly was prepared to perform the D-minor Concerto of Brahms with poise, solid technical resource, and an assured sense of its style. A little more variety of piano sound would have been welcome; but he will be heard from this stage again.

When such a week is arranged in the future, I would suggest a revised procedure in which the same amount of content would be differently packaged. Why not two evenings of recital content, with two performers per evening and two concerts split between the four winners? To be sure, this would result in mixed audiences rather than in partisans for "a" winner; but it would be all to the good. One of the recent evenings—the performer need not be identified—sounded like a convention of harp students cheering on a favorite.

Across the span of the four concerts, I found my attention more and more magnetized to the conducting of Leinsdorf, who needs such "exposure" as Beverly Sills needs a press agent. The span from Handel to Ginastera found Leinsdorf ideally equipped to shade each performance by the Philharmonic exactly to the needs of the music and to do it with an ease and urbanity that encouraged the performers to do their best.

For the opening concerts of the Philharmonic's subscription season, Leinsdorf returned to his original role of Wagnerian specialist, in which he made his Metropolitan Opera debut in the late Thirties, at the advanced age of twenty-six. Most all-Wagner programs are a splendid-sounding potpourri, but not this one. Leinsdorf's offering was a thoughtfully conceived study in Wagnerian seduction, pairing the fleshly indulgences of Venusberg with the rejection of Kundry by Parsifal. In both, the Philharmonic played the role of a super-orchestra craftily shaped to the needs of the opera pit by the master-hand of Leinsdorf.

Act II of *Parsifal* was a concert version with a difference. The depth of the present stage in Avery Fisher Hall was utilized by building a wall-to-wall platform at the rear that placed the singers at eye level with the audience (above the orchestra). Doors at either side permitted entrances and exits, thus concentrating attention on those performing at the moment rather than having all the singers in the customary concert cluster around the conductor

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This would have been innovational and admirable in any circumstance, but it became the scene of a historic happening with the addition of a substantial part of *Parsifal* to the Wagnerian operas previously sung by Jon Vickers in New York. After his first performance as Tristan, on January 26, 1974, few barriers now remain between Vickers and the accolade 'Sir Jon, premier Wagnerian tenor of the generation." He took the role of Parsifal in stride, as it suits him temperamentally, physically, and vocally. In this central scene of *Parsifal*, the "innocent fool" has been cast out of the home of the knights of the Holy Grail (Monsalvat). He finds the strength to resist the temptation of Kundry and to regain the spear needed to relieve the ailing Amfortas of his agony. The scene was given every accent of credibility by Vickers in a masterful demonstration of vocal art. Now, then: when will the Met do *Parsifal* with Vickers?

The others of this concert cast lagged at varying distances from the superb standard of Vickers. Best of them was John Cheek, a young but vocally and physically (something more than six feet tall) impressive Klingsor. Janis Martin has what I would describe as a serviceable rather than an encompassing voice for Kundry. A somewhat woody-sounding soprano made out of her original mezzo, it covers the notes of the part but does not convey the essence of the role, which is artful abandon, eloquently expressed. Through it all, Leinsdorf maintained a hard-won, newly mastered combination of outer identity and inner serenity that made for great conducting. ◉

Maria Callas: So Much Done, So Much Left Undone

SINCE Maria Callas's sudden death from a heart attack, in mid-September, her operatic career has been analyzed and evaluated to the point where little new remains to be said about it. That little can be summed up in a few phrases: she accomplished a historic mission by making a living experience of "dead" masterpieces of Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini; and she invented careers for Joan Sutherland, Beverly Sills, Marilyn Horne, and their successors.

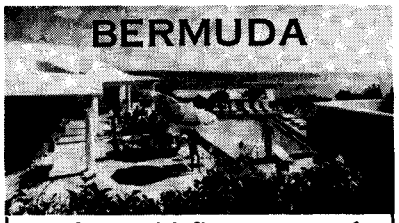
My thoughts do not go to her triumphs of the past. They go rather to the properly elegant apartment in which she lived (and died) on the Avenue Georges Mandel in Paris, where I last saw her a year ago and talked of things to come.

The door did not bear her name. She allowed the name of the former occupant to remain in order to discourage uninvited visitors. For invited ones, the flat was a dream of elegance, spaciousness, and livability. Among its features was a bathroom so large and well equipped that it could be described as a private health club. This was the room in which the maid found her unconscious on the floor.

The misery of her death at fifty-three is that it forecloses the possibility of not merely one but of two or even three nonsinging careers. After all, Medea is Medea Medea. Having re-created that character not only operatically but cinematically, there is no reason why Callas could not have performed it in the legitimate theaters of the world either in the Greek of Euripides or in the poetic English of Robinson Jeffers. When I suggested she consider such an outlet for her artistry and vitality, she responded in a letter, written just after a Mediterranean holiday: "I came back beautifully bronzed, full of health. . . . We will talk about everything when I see you in New York." I never saw her or spoke to her again.

Then, too, Callas had a marvelous affinity for young people, as she demonstrated at the Juilliard a few years ago, and could have been as great a teacher as she was a performer. And for a third career, a "different" kind of opera singer's book that we had several talks about will never be written.

Thanks to recordings, the art of Maria Callas will be enjoyed for decades to come. But they are, all too soon, decades without her. —I.K.



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Artsletter

Salute to the Minneapolis Symphony

by Roland Gelatt

MINNEAPOLIS being what it is, the seventy-fifth anniversary season of its cherished orchestra has become an occasion for sounding trumpets and loosening purse strings. Festivities began last month with a preseason salute to the orchestra's 2,500 volunteer workers, for which veteran volunteer Joan Mondale was on hand to address the faithful. Soon after, the season proper got under way with a gala opening concert conducted by music director Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. But the high moment of high sentiment is yet to come: the return next month of Eugene Ormandy to the podium he occupied 40-odd years ago, an event that takes place just days short of the conductor's seventy-ninth birthday.

It was Ormandy who put the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (now renamed the Minnesota Orchestra) on the musical map. Before he arrived, only the locals loved it; with him, the ensemble attained a level of excellence that pushed it into national prominence. During Ormandy's years in Minneapolis, 1931–36, the orchestra played in a vast and acoustically barren auditorium on the state university campus. What, he was asked at the time, could be done about its acoustics? "Dynamite it," the young conductor replied. Northrop Auditorium still stands, but the orchestra has since moved into its own hall, designed by acoustician Cyril Harris. It opened to a fanfare of critical huzzahs three years ago this month, and further acquaintance with its brilliant, warm acoustics has confirmed that Minneapolis can indeed lay claim to one of the world's finest concert halls. Eugene Ormandy's first concerts there are eagerly awaited.

In all, Minneapolis has had only six resident conductors. The first was a German organist named Emil Oberhoffer, who arrived penniless in the Twin Cities around 1890 and soon became enmeshed in the community's embryonic musical life. In time, Minneapolis got the itch to have a symphony orchestra worthy of the name (it was the seventh American city to establish its own orchestra), and Oberhoffer was given the job of welding 50 instrumentalists—some local, some imported—into a passable ensemble. A few Minneapolitans are still around who remember those fledgling years. One of them is Mrs. Donald Ferguson, who as a young girl attended the opening concert. Her recollections of that occasion, as well as those of other ear witnesses to the orchestra's progress over the past 75 years, have been gathered together in an anniversary book to be published next month. With it comes a record set documenting the sound of the orchestra under five of its six conductors.

The first of the six, the aforementioned Oberhoffer, remained at the helm until 1922, when he had a falling out with the orchestra's "angel," a wealthy lumberman and musician manqué named Elbert Carpenter. Oberhoffer's successor was Henri Verbrugghen, a conductor of some previous eminence in Scotland and Australia, who is remembered more for his kindness than for his interpretative flair. Yehudi Menuhin still recalls the horror of losing his way in the Brahms concerto at his Minneapolis debut in 1929—and his gratitude for the good-natured aplomb with which Verbrugghen explained to the audience that this was the lad's first performance of the Brahms in public.

When a stroke sidelined Verbrugghen in 1931, Eugene Ormandy stepped in. He dazzled his audiences from the very start and quickly transformed the Minneapolis Symphony into a polished and dynamic ensemble. The Ormandy-Minneapolis recordings of the mid-1930s (including the first Bruckner and Mahler symphonies to be recorded in America) spread his and the orchestra's repute around the world. He was too talented to stay for long. In 1936, Ormandy received an unrefusable offer from the Philadelphia Orchestra. But his relatively short stay in Minneapolis did set a pattern. From that time on, the orchestra became a stepping-stone for up-and-coming conductors. Ormandy's successors were Dimitri Mitropoulos (1937–49), Antal Dorati (1949–60), and Stanislaw Skrowaczewski (1960–79).

The anticipated termination, two years hence, of the Skrowaczewski regime came to light this past summer when he let it be known that he intends to relinquish his responsibilities at the end of his current contract. His departure will almost certainly change the Minnesota musical climate in more ways than one. Minneapolis has always depended upon a resident music director who has been prepared to give his all to the orchestra. That breed is now virtually extinct. Conductors no longer relish being pinned down to one orchestra for most of a long season, and Minneapolis will undoubtedly have to settle for less than total devotion if it wants to secure a first-rate talent.

No matter how the question of a new music director is resolved, the orchestra is not likely to want for funds. In Minneapolis, music and the arts in general have become a cause to which a good many citizens respond with positively messianic zeal. Substantial contributions of both time and money are bestowed at all levels —from the orchestra's Junior Women's Association, which Joan Mondale headed in the early 1960s, to many of the city's leading corporations.

Support of local arts organizations has become an article of faith in the business community here. At latest count, 33 firms in the Twin Cities area were assigning 5 percent of pretax profits to charitable giving. This is the maximum deductible contribution permitted under Internal Revenue Service regulations, but very few U.S. companies take full advantage of it. Most large corporations restrict the level of their contributions to about one percent of pretax profits, if that.

Ken Dayton, chairman of the board of the Minneapolis-headquartered Dayton Hudson Corporation, considers it shocking that so many American businesses shirk their social responsibilities. His own company, a conglomerate of department and specialty stores operating in 19 states plus the District of Columbia, has been giving at the 5 percent level for 31 years. In 1976, that amounted to $5,253,136, of which the Minnesota Orchestra received $605,309 (an unusually large grant, in order to help fund the new hall).

Sitting at his desk in the towering IDS Center, Ken Dayton expounded quietly but forcefully on his favorite topic. "I feel very strongly that the federal government has in essence said to corporations: 'There are lots of problems in our society. We encourage you to help solve those problems —with the help of the free enterprise sys-

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tem. If you do that, we'll pay half the bill [through the tax deduction provision] and you guys can call the tune.' Here is a great opportunity for business to help build a better society, and I just can't understand why more businessmen won't take advantage of it. You know, businessmen are always criticizing the government for trying to solve all the problems of the nation at the federal level, and yet they are unwilling to respond to the federal government's urging to help solve those problems in a private way. It's completely inconsistent.

"And it's also dangerous. Don't those businessmen realize that public opinion polls show how few people today have confidence in the ability of business to solve our social problems? If business doesn't do it, government will have to fill the vacuum, and we'll find ourselves being taxed and regulated even more than we are now."

This led to the question that Ken Dayton is always being asked: What makes Minneapolis businesses an exception to the general rule; why have they contributed so generously and consistently to the city's cultural institutions? "Well, that's really a matter of self-interest. Minneapolis is off the economic mainline of the nation. If this community is going to compete over the long haul, it needs to foster those aspects that make it a good place to live. There's a recognition here that the arts play every bit as important a role in the quality of life as our ten thousand lakes. Therefore the businesses of this community have given their support. I don't see anything wrong with self-interest. It's the best of all possible motivations. If there's no self-interest, if it's just a matter of doing what you think you have to do or ought to do, then you're back to the national average of one percent giving."

If Ken Dayton is an atypical businessman, Minneapolis is also an atypical community. It has escaped most of the urban ills that afflict other large American cities. There is little racial tension and unemployment. The population has grown slowly and steadily. It is big enough to support a major orchestra, but small enough so that anyone who wants to help in its support can play a significant part.

The hope here is that the atypical may in time become the typical. As the seventy-fifth anniversary season of the Minnesota Orchestra gathers momentum, the ensemble is bound to receive from all over the nation a good deal of appreciative—and envious—attention. ◉

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Wit Twister No. 105
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 60.

If ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ playgoers flee the show,

And other early ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ yawn and go,

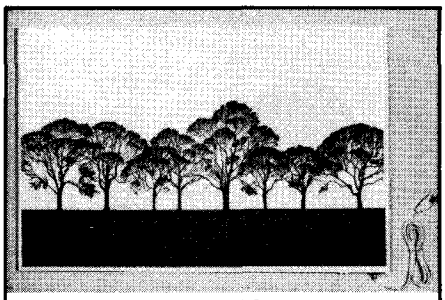
Their premature decision to depart ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ some problems on the playwright's part.

A. S.

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 133

Jean-Pierre Aumont:
Sun and Shadow

I learned to improvise, to tell jokes.
It's a lot easier in a strange language.
All you need is a slight French
accent and they'll forgive you
everything. All your faults get chalked
up to ignorance of the language.
Platitudes, spiced by a French
accent and French gestures, will pass
for a kind of rakish charm.



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Sporting Life

At Home with the Syosset Under-10 Travelling Team

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

THE only problem with immediately adopting soccer as our new national pastime is that Americans are terrible at it. By tradition, we're a nation of throwers, not kickers. We need massive retraining, which is precisely why nine-year-olds Tony Guillermo, Johnnie Yudt, and Davie Borg, and their friends headed out to the grassy reaches on a recent Saturday morning for the season's first practice of the Syosset, New York, Under-10 Travelling Team. The "Under-10" indicates the players' ages but overlooks the fact that these kids—and 4 or 5 million like them nationwide—have been playing soccer since they were five or six. They are polished enough to play against other suburban towns and even in regional and national championships. It will take a while longer before they're old enough and good enough for international tournaments and for exhibition matches, and then, someday, for the Olympics or the World Cup.

For the moment, the Syosset Under-10s are still kids experiencing the glorious expectations and minor nervous disorders of the first day of practice. And since none could possibly contain his enthusiasm longer than it took to divide up into the traditional Skins and Shirts sides for a limbering-up game, I soon had the chance to gauge U.S. progress in youth soccer.

The Shirts kicked off—a smooth line drive that sailed a decent 20 yards. The Skins' fullbacks weren't there to cover, so the ball trickled down toward the goal, a score of boys in hot pursuit. The diminutive goalie covering the regulation-size goal looked like a dwarf guarding the entrance to his cave. He pounced nimbly on the ball, saving the opening kickoff from becoming the game's first goal. But he wasn't nearly strong enough to clear the ball out to midfield. Tony Guillermo intercepted the kick and the Shirts were on the attack again. Guillermo charged deep into the corner, beat his man, then lofted a looping, indirect kick meant to cross in front of the goal. Alas, it fell 15 yards short. The Skins' goalie came hustling out to handle the catch, hugging the ball to his chest, a good move.

Once more he kicked away; once more he failed to clear the ball. But this time the goal kick rolled straight to Johnnie Yudt, a deft passer with either the instep or the outside of his foot, which is impressive at such a tender age. Yudt flicked a confident, slanting pass outside to Guillermo rushing in on the goalie's blind side, and the dark-haired little forward booted a hard grounder into the net. Goal! Guillermo punched the air exactly as Pelé does, and his Shirts teammates swamped him with hugs exactly as the New York Cosmos do Pelé. American kids learn their sports mannerisms from television.

On the sideline, referee and part-time coach Gordon Barr winced at the sloppy fundamentals. "We've only got two weeks till the season begins," he said. "By next practice we'll have them doing drills for passing and trapping, dribbling, shooting. They've got to learn how to take an indirect kick like that, to set up a wall and play a corner kick. They've got to practice their throw-ins, which a lot of the boys don't really know how to do yet. They have to learn more about their positions and about coordinating their defense."

Barr played soccer at Middlebury College and is the son of George Barr, a well-known player in the days when two ethnic-based teams would go out on a Sunday afternoon and refight an old European war with their feet. Barr takes his coaching soberly and tries to talk with the boys while they're on the field, making them aware of the game as it actually unfolds. "Soccer is supposed to be played with very little coaching," he said. "When a European team goes on the field, they're supposed to know what to do already. Americans are used to a lot of coaching in other sports, and because of that, they have a tendency to overcoach in soccer. But with our youngest players, it's probably to the good, because they're just developing the physical stamina to master the game's fundamentals. Hopefully these boys will reach the stage in three or four years where they'll know what to do on their own. The only reason for the coach to yell then will be the coach's own personality."

At half time the score stood at Shirts 3, Skins 1, with no injuries, complaints, or crushed feelings as the Under-10 Travelling Team lined up at the plastic water jug. Syosset and most other towns involved in the suburban soccer explosion have adopted a rule that every team member must play at least one-half of every game. The emphasis thus far has been on participation as well as on competition, and the slogan of youth soccer has been "Everyone's a Quarterback." Syosset reorganizes its intramural teams after every season to guard against the cliques that often form in youth sports. "Ideally, we'd like the kids to learn that the opposition isn't necessarily the enemy," said the commissioner of the Syosset girls' soccer program, Ron Andrews. "We've reached the pleasant stage of high enthusiasm. The fanaticism will probably come later as parents get more sophisticated about the game. After all, we have raised our children to expect success."

Not long ago, Syosset had no soccer. It had Little League baseball and Pop Warner football. Then Davie Borg's father, Ed, who coaches soccer at New York City's Bryant High School and scouts for the New York Cosmos, got tired of driving Davie down the Long Island Expressway to play soccer in a neighboring town. Borg decided to form a team in Syosset. That was 18 months ago. Now Syosset has 750 young players organized into 50 boys' teams and 11 girls' teams. It has a soccer program overseen by commissioners, volunteer coaches, and a budget committee. As a result, the Catholic Youth Organization's Little League could not field teams in Syosset last summer. Other competitor sports are quietly

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offering kids "incentives" to sign up: equipment discounts, pro game tickets, and reduced registration fees.

The saga of soccer in Syosset has been repeated all over the country. Youth soccer hotbeds have formed in such areas as suburban Washington, D.C., where diplomatic corps kids started the boom; in St. Louis and Milwaukee, traditional ethnic soccer strongholds; and in suburban Dallas, Fort Lauderdale, Minneapolis, San Jose, and Seattle—all sites where professional soccer franchises plunked themselves down and ferociously marketed their sport.

Youth clubs have been sprouting at a phenomenal rate wherever there's space for soccer fields, which is to say mainly in the suburbs. The new devotees claim that the sport offers liberation from the grubby authoritarianism of football coaches and active relief from the plodding pace of baseball. It's a physically egalitarian activity in which the short or the stocky have as much chance of inheriting Pelé's mantle as the rawboned jocks who dominate other sports have of entering their halls of fame. In addition, soccer is exceptionally injury free and is dirt cheap to outfit: leather ball, twin nets, pairs of shorts—a fiscally responsible game for our time. Best of all, soccer is free form, flowing, and easy to watch, a fact that has the hearts of TV sports producers all astir.

In the early 1930s, the United States surged on becoming a world soccer power when an American national team reached an advanced round of World Cup play. In the following decades, American soccer stagnated as cities niggled athletic space and soccer-playing ethnics were kept out of the sports mainstream. Now a generation of parent-coaches has carried the game along on its flight to the suburbs. Kids have picked up the game from peers, parents, and the omnipotent tube. In their fathers' eyes, the nine- and ten-year-olds of the youth soccer explosion are America's hope for the future, and experts predict it will take only six to eight years before the United States breaks out of its official World Cup classification as an undeveloped country."

"Our youth teams have done surprisingly well against foreign teams," says Ed Borg, whose scouting and coaching keep him in touch with the national youth soccer scene. "From twelve years down, we're probably on a par with the rest of the world both in interest and in ability. American soccer will develop very fast as these kids grow up. In Europe, especially Eastern Europe, soccer is highly organized into corporate-style pyramids: the youth teams at the bottom feeding toward the apex of adult clubs. Anyone with talent is identified early and given special help. If we're going to compete on a world level, we'll have to organize as well as everyone else."

Soccer is a physically demanding sport—by right, a young person's game—with no time-outs and no substitutions. So by the second half, even Syosset's spunky Under-10s were flagging. A corner kick situation ate up whole minutes: none of the Shirts could get enough power behind the ball to loft it from the corner. At the other end of the field, the Shirts' goalie got bored and persuaded one of the fathers to take his place. Then he streaked downfield and romped with his teammates for the remaining minutes.

The ball pretty much rolled where it wanted and the kids tagged after it. Then on a penalty kick, three Shirts lined up to form a wall but made it right in front of their goalie, which is the wrong side, and blocked his view. The Skins scored, and Gordon Barr frowned. He was thinking of fundamentals. As Ed Borg told me, soccer isn't as simple as it looks.

But the Shirts held their lead as the last seconds ticked away. At the final whistle, the prognosis for soccer's future in this country looked, at the least, encouraging. Then the Syosset Under-10 Travelling Team got on their bicycles and went home. ◉

Jonathan Evan Maslow's work has appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, *the* New Republic, *and* The New York Times, *among other publications. He covers sports from his catbird seat in New York City.*

Fraser Young
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Light Refractions

Sportscasting Time

by Thomas H. Middleton

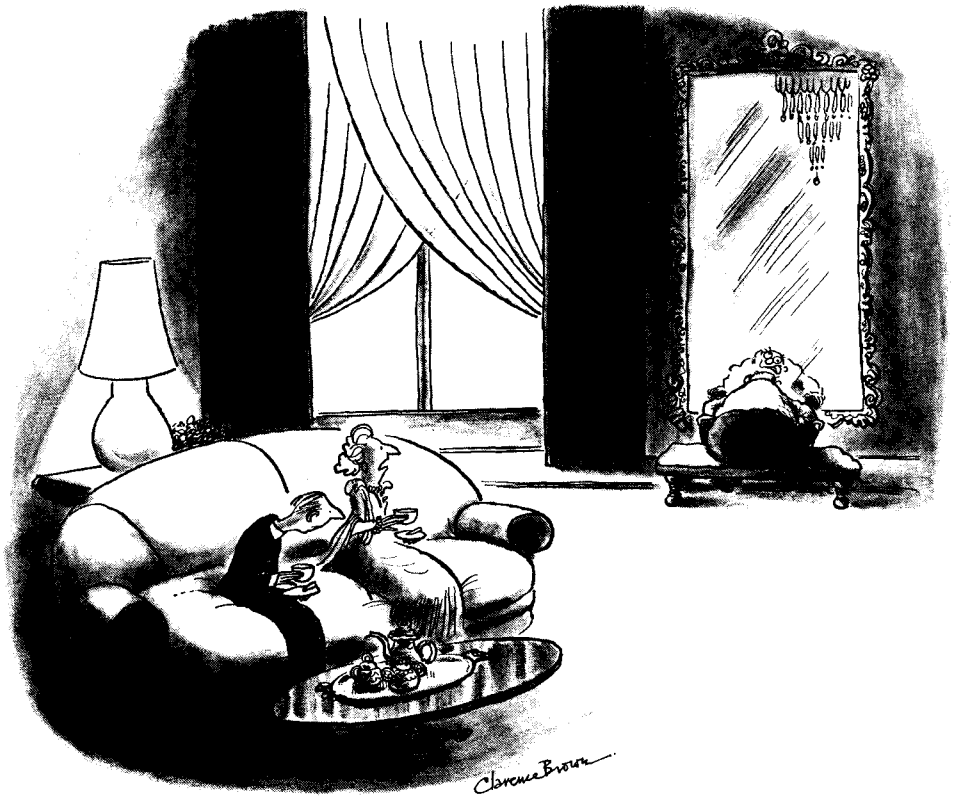
"Lopes the batter . . . Seaver set . . . the pitch high, ball three. . . . Seaver checking the runner at first . . . two out, top of the eighth. . . . The pitch—ground ball up the middle for a base hit, Garvey rounding third, the throw to the plate not in time," and so on.

"Namath back, and a big rush . . . Namath sacked on his own thirty-five-yard line. . . . Fourth down, and a punt situation. . . . The kick high and angled . . . bouncing out of bounds at the sixteen-yard line . . . make that the seventeen."

Check the verbs in these two paragraphs. There's only one that is complete, the imperative *make* in the last sentence. Not one complete verb is used to describe the action.

A friend of mine once asked me if I'd noticed that sportscasters don't use verbs. I had, but it doesn't bother me. Sportscasters do use verbs, of course, but they probably use fewer of them, and in a more telegraphic, fragmentary way, than any other speakers I can think of. What they seem to be doing is speaking captions for the images on the screen, and it works very well. After all, we can see what's happening. All the announcer has to do is to keep us posted on who is doing what we see being done; what inning or period it is; what the score is; how many outs, balls, strikes, downs; whether it's the sixteen- or seventeen-yard line. That sort of thing.

Of course, the great exception to the no-verb rule is the inimitable Howard Cosell, who seems to arouse strong feelings of one kind or another in almost everyone. I think he's amazing. It took me a while to warm up to that driving, abrasive voice, but I find his use of the language fascinating. The parsing of a Cosell sentence would look like a rabbit's genealogy. I've heard it said that his sentences are unparsable, but I've listened carefully for a Cosell solecism, and I've never heard one. Possibly he makes thousands of them while I'm not paying attention.



"Rockland has decided to beguile the time by making faces."

For a grammarian, there's always the thrill of danger in listening to his flights. He takes off in a dizzying pattern, something like: "Among that small coterie of linebackers of whom it can be said that they are not only swift and shifty but endowed with indomitable courage and more than their share of the professional linebacker's brute strength, certainly one of the most interesting in terms of both educational background and athletic experience is Joe Latissimus, whose record could be compared with that of the great all-American and Rhodes scholar. . .," and on he goes, his syntax sputtering erratically, threatening always to crash to an ignominious end, but somehow coming through with all the pieces still hanging together in uneasy but undeniable grammatical cohesion.

If you dig sentence structure, Cosell is frequently more exciting than the game.

I'm very happy to note that my own particular pet peeve in the field of sportscasting seems to be on the wane. What I've called "the good hands syndrome" is not nearly so prevalent as it was a few years ago. Perhaps I've just been lucky. Maybe "good hands" are cropping up all over the place on channels I'm not tuned in to.

The guys who talked about good hands always made a player sound less like a great athlete than like the owner of several valuable assets. If a man made a spectacular catch, it wasn't because he was fast and strong and limber and had sensational reflexes; it was because he had good hands. If he scampered around the field making the best possible use of his blockers, dodging, faking, breaking the tackle of the opposition, and finally raced across the goal line, it was thanks to his good feet. A bone-crushing tackle was possible because "Green has great upper body strength." No kidding.

I actually heard one announcer say that a certain running back "possesses great speed." Really. *Possesses* great speed. Sounds as though great speed were something he might have stashed away in a safe-deposit box. I'm sure he wasn't talking about Methedrine, but the phrase would have made more sense if he had been.

Having said that the good hands syndrome seems to be on the wane, I now knock, as devoutly as ever I've knocked on wood, with the sincere prayer that between the time of this writing and Super duper Bowl Sunday we won't be deluged with that particular brand of idiocy.

Give me Cosell any day. ◉

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Top of My Head

God v. Con Edison

by Goodman Ace

If you wonder why Con Edison so quickly changed course assigning the blame for last summer's blackout in New York, you may be interested in the following transcript of the colloquy between the judge and the counsel for the Plaintiff on the matter of a libel and defamation suit against the company for characterizing the blackout as "an act of God."

JUDGE: All right, let's get this case on the road. Impanel a jury.

COUNSEL: If it please the court, as counsel for the Plaintiff I suggest we dispense with impaneling a jury.

JUDGE: What's that? What did he say?

CLERK: He suggested dispensing with impaneling a jury.

JUDGE: That's what I thought he said. Don't you know, sir, that under our Constitution every man, woman, and child is entitled to have his, her, or its day in court to be tried before a jury of his, her, or its peers?

COUNSEL: Exactly my point, Your Honor. And I now cite and offer in evidence page 1,322 of *Webster's New Twentieth Century, Unabridged*, wherein he defines "peer" as "an equal, of the same rank, quality and ability." With that definition in mind, since the Plaintiff has no peer, Your Honor can readily see that a trial by jury would be highly irregular.

JUDGE: Just a minute. That's my line. I'm the one who says what's highly irregular. Is the Plaintiff aware you are depriving him of a trial by jury?

COUNSEL: The Plaintiff is omniscient, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Where is he—is he in this room?

COUNSEL: The Plaintiff, hereinafter known as the Creator, and hereinafter that known as my Client—

JUDGE: Your client?

COUNSEL: With a capital "C," Your Honor. My Client is omnipresent.

JUDGE: I don't see him.

COUNSEL: It is our hope that He will appear to Your Honor before this trial is over. And now, with Your Honor's permission, I would like to make my summation before this trial begins.

JUDGE: What did he say?

CLERK: He said he would like to make his summation before the trial begins.

JUDGE: I heard him. I couldn't believe it. In my thirty-five years on the bench I've never heard of a summation before a trial begins. If I allowed that, I'd be drummed out of the ABA. You, sir—are you a member of the bar?

COUNSEL: Well, I am in the sense that Spencer Tracy was a lawyer in the movie version of Clarence Darrow's argument of the John Scopes case, or in the sense of Perry Mason, hereinafter known as Ironside. In that sense I speak on behalf of the Plaintiff, although God knows He can do without this sinner's help. Or in the sense that—

JUDGE: I'm beginning to sense that you are not a lawyer. Just what do you do for a living?

COUNSEL: I'm a writer for *Saturday Review*.

JUDGE: Are you Norman Cousins?

COUNSEL: Oh, no, sir. N.C. takes care of the world. I only handle small domestic claims, libel, and defamation, such as the ever growing habit of recklessly applying the term "an act of God" not only to nature's malfunctions but also to machinery that creates light that fails. All the calamities. A drought, a flood, an earthquake—all referred to as acts of God. But is there one voice ever raised to hallow the bursting glow of a sunrise as an act of God? Or the hush of a summer's twilight when the North Star appears? Or the silvery glow of a full moon on an earth enveloped in darkness? These are true acts of God that mankind accepts as its daily due. And may I add in passing that since time began, not once has this heavenly lighting system ever raised its kilowatt-hour rate.

JUDGE: Oh, yes—I'm beginning to see your point; and I say to you in all solemnity that I am a God-fearing man. Although I must confess I took all those blessings for granted, I do go to church religiously.

COUNSEL: That's the best way to go, Your Honor. And may I ask, Your Honor, where you were during the blackout?

JUDGE: I was twenty floors up, without even a candle.

COUNSEL: And don't you believe, then, that if God had intended we suffer blackouts He would have given us all flashlights? God in his infinite wisdom created a perfect earth. Man in his finite wisdom is the despoiler.

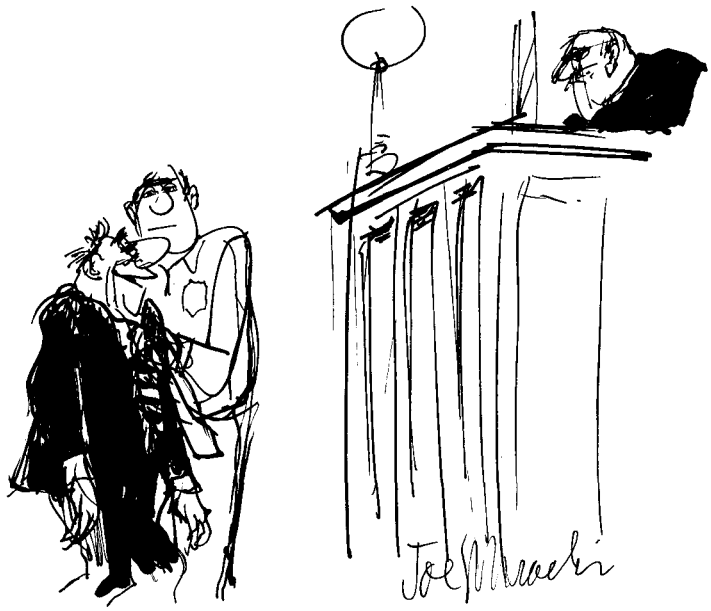
JUDGE: Very true. It dawns on me.

COUNSEL: I told you He would appear to Your Honor before the trial had ended.

JUDGE: Now, I must ask counsel for the Plaintiff how much money in damages He is asking.

COUNSEL: Oh, no money. All we ask is that the term "an act of God" be stricken from the record and that a decree strike it from all future records.

JUDGE: So be it. Amen. (GAVEL) I mean, court adjourned. ◉



"Mind you, Your Honor, I'm not saying I'm as sober as a judge."

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 94* (see page 57): New ideas are . . . like bad sixpences, and we spend our lives trying to pass them off on one another. —Samuel Butler

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Number 134

1 J	2 D	3 V	4 T	5 A	6 K	7 N	8 M	9 L	10 Q	11 G	12 F		13 I	14 R	15 T	16 S	17 O		
18 P		19 H	20 D	21 I	22 A		23 F	24 Q	25 M	26 O	27 U		28 O	29 Q	30 W	31 K	32 D		
33 M	34 R	35 L	36 H	37 J		38 B	39 Q	40 Z	41 I	42 O	43 K	44 T	45 M		46 W	47 J	48 D		
49 I	50 C	51 G		52 B	53 R	54 O	55 M		56 K	57 Z		58 F	59 K	60 H	61 N	62 J	63 A		
64 Z		65 G	66 R	67 M	68 Q		69 K	70 Y	71 X		72 L	73 M	74 N	75 O	76 C	77 S	78 B		
79 H	80 D	81 S		82 T	83 E		84 S	85 O	86 Q		87 W	88 M	89 Q	90 V	91 K	92 G	93 B		
94 F		95 E	96 Z	97 K		98 J	99 V	100 A		101 O	102 C	103 V	104 Q		105 M	106 P	107 U		
108 I	109 O	110 Q	111 E	112 Z		113 J	114 Q	115 S	116 A	117 Z	118 L	119 F	120 I		121 P	122 X	123 G		
	124 N	125 X	126 B		127 Y	128 K	129 T	130 U	131 E	132 N		133 X	134 F		135 U	136 H	137 V		
138 J	139 M		140 P	141 T	142 W		143 X	144 U	145 N		146 W	147 L		148 Z	149 M		150 E		
151 J	152 S	153 N		154 H	155 X		156 U	157 S	158 O	159 G		160 L	161 N	162 Z	163 C		164 M		
165 T		166 U	167 V	168 T		169 N	170 K	171 M	172 Z	173 D		174 G	175 X		176 F	177 T	178 I		
	179 Y	180 P	181 E	182 L	183 A	184 J		185 F	186 S	187 G	188 I	189 M	190 C	191 W	192 D				

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. "The fresh Earth in new _____ dressed" (Shelley, "Rarely, Rarely Comest Thou")	5 22 63 183 100 116
B. The defendant in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*	126 38 52 78 93
C. Mammal related to the giraffe	102 163 190 50 76
D. Contrition for sin	173 192 2 20 32 48 80
E. Invoke as witness	83 95 111 131 150 181
F. Releases (3 wds.)	185 12 23 58 94 119 176 134
G. Separate; individual	65 92 123 159 174 187 11 51
H. Long-tailed North American finch, genus *Pipilo*	79 136 154 19 36 60
I. Voracious, rapacious	178 13 21 49 120 108 41 188
J. Elegant, beautiful; rare, precious	184 47 113 151 1 37 62 98 138
K. 1959 Doris Day-Rock Hudson film (2 wds.)	59 43 170 6 56 69 97 128 91 31
L. Acts of reverent devotion	72 118 147 160 182 9 35
M. Balzac novel (2 wds.)	149 189 8 25 55 164 33 45 73 88 139 105 171 67
N. Backlashes, e.g.	132 153 161 61 124 7 74 145 169
O. Part of Richmond upon Thames	17 28 26 109 42 54 158 75 85 101
P. English poet (ca. 1475–1530; "Pastime of Pleasure")	140 180 121 106 18
Q. Greek mountain, home of the boar that Hercules captured	29 39 68 89 110 10 104 24 114 86
R. Issue copiously	14 66 34 53
S. Gaunt	152 186 84 77 157 16 115 81
T. Confidentially (2 wds.)	4 44 129 168 15 165 141 177 82
U. Stemless, aquatic, cruciferous plant, having slender, sharply pointed leaves	144 135 107 156 166 27 130
V. Hitches	3 99 167 137 90 103
W. Trinket, bauble	87 46 142 191 30 146
X. Secretary of State, 1949–53	122 143 125 155 71 133 175
Y. Isle off Great Britain, in the Irish Sea	127 70 179
Z. Overflowing with fervor, excitement, or enthusiasm	172 148 96 64 162 40 112 57 117

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 133*** appears on page 55.

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Soldier Lowell, 1917–1977

"Like other tongue-tied, difficult children,
I dreamed I was a master of cool, stoical repartee."

"What made Lowell great, more than his dramatic instinct or his bristling sense of language, was his soldierly dedication to honesty."

One must measure a man by his aspirations as well as by his achievements. When Robert Lowell was a boy, his *real* love, he tells us in his memoir, "91 Revere Street," was toy soldiers. He loved their uniforms and tales of their exploits. His favorite picture in his parents' house was a portrait of his ancestor Major Mordecai Myers, "in his sanguine War of 1812 uniform with epaulets, white breeches, and scarlet frogged waistcoat. . . . I used to stand dangerously out in the middle of Revere Street in order to see through our windows and gloat on this portrait's scarlet waistcoat blazing in the bare, Spartan whiteness of our den-parlour." Later, in prep school, Lowell "spent/ my vacations lugging home [Napoleon's] third-hand *Lives*/shaking the dust from that stationary stock:/cheap deluxe lithographs and gilt-edged pulp."

His admiration, though, did not extend to real-life soldiers. Toward his father, a naval commander until Robert was ten, he felt "quite without hero-worship. [His] actuality seemed so inferior to the photographs in uniform he once mailed to us from the Golden Gate." During World War II, Lowell, a conscientious objector, preferred to go to prison than to don a uniform. In recent years, when I knew him slightly, it was difficult to imagine a figure with less of a soldierly bearing—a large man, stooped over, shambling, mumbling, unkempt, unable even to match his socks.

Yeats believed that each man strives to realize an ideal, a "mask," that is the antithesis of his personality. Yeats himself, for example, was a gregarious man who loved conversation and hated offending people with his principles, while his ideal was that of a lonely, misanthropic fisherman who lives a pure and principled life, apart from the crowd. Lowell was hardly a militarist, yet throughout his life and in his poetry, he aspired to and celebrated qualities that he associated with men like Napoleon, Alexander, Marcus Cato, and Major Myers.

What he admired was, in a word, stoicism. Not the dull-witted stoicism of the soldier who refuses to feel pain. What Lowell admired and aspired to was the stoicism of a man who sees and feels all—the horror and irony of death and history—and accepts it with grace and style.

Lowell's battle—to see and feel and accept all—was terrible because of the peculiarities of his character. His intelligence and sensitivity were hypertrophied and his emotional balance was precarious. Several times in his career he was institutionalized for nervous breakdowns, and often when he was not, he seemed to be quivering on the verge of a new collapse. He compared his helpless self to Coleridge: "his passive courage is paralysis/standing him upright like tenpins for the strike/only kept standing by a hundred scared habits." He appeared to envy men who had somehow avoided the onus of thinking. About the former czar of Murder Incorporated, whom he met in prison, Lowell wrote: "flabby, bald, lobotomized,/he drifted in a sheepish calm,/where no agonizing reappraisal/jarred his concentration." He praised a prep school classmate, Alfred Corning Clark, for "your triumphant diffidence,/your refusal of exertion,/the intelligence/ that pulsed in the sensitive, pale concavities of your forehead./You never worked,/and were third in the form."

What singularly characterizes a soldier is devotion to duty. Lowell admired men—even villains like Saint-Just, Stalin, and the father of the kamikazes, Admiral Onishi—who determinedly did their duty, as they saw it. All Lowell could find to admire in his father, who was in most other respects a loser, was his steady adherence to his way of doing things and his refusal to be dismayed. Lowell's duty, as he saw it, was to look life in the face, to peer through the surface of events and the facts of his life into their meaning. Even when the process exhausted and bored him, he persisted. At the end of one poem he wrote, "I am tired. Everyone's tired of my turmoil." Nonetheless, his own fatigue and that of his readers did not dissuade him. His was a higher duty than that of the entertainer. He would be honest, no matter what the cost or the results.

In the end, the struggle to see and feel and accept all took its toll. His strength flagged. In his last volume, *Day by Day*, which appeared the week of his death, he confessed: "I am too weak to strain to remember." More and more of his poems cataloged rather than anatomized, the particulars of his existence. He sensed his decline: "I was surer, wasn't I, once . . . / and had flashes when I first found a humor for myself in images,/farfetched misalliance/that made evasion a revelation?" "Age," he observed wearily, in another poem, "is the bilge we cannot shake from the mop."

No matter. In his prime, and occasionally in his last volumes, Robert Lowell was one of America's five-star poets. And what made him great, more than his dramatic instinct or his bristling sense of language, was his soldierly dedication to honesty, to reporting what was, to cutting through all the posturing and triviality to the meaning of events. One misses him. One wishes he were sending dispatches from the afterlife; they would be so perceptive, unsentimental, reliable.

Because of his heightened sensitivity and perception and his emotional imbalance, Lowell's life was a long suffering. But thanks to his art, the suffering was not in vain. He gave himself to us. As he wrote

Giving

Your life has brought you closer to your friends.
Yes, it has brought you home. All's well that ends.

—CARLL TUCKE

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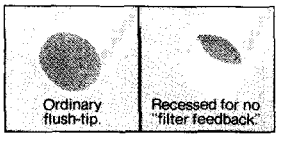
There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.

Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.

10 mg. Kings
12 mg. 100's

More than just a low-tar number. Parliament.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. 77.

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Panasonic introduces 24 ways to get hi-fi without the hassle.

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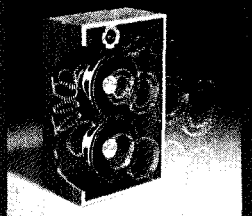

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